HANDBOEKJES ELCK 'T BESTE

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HET GELOOF VAN DEN NIEUWEN MENSCH

VIERDE DRUK NAAR GEHEEL OMGEWERKT HANDSCHRIFT.

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THE FAITH OF THE NEW HUMAN

FOURTH EDITION
COMPLETELY REVISED
MANUSCRIPT.
1914

FIRST EDITION
1907

v.7

INTRODUCTION

"From children's harmony, the nations have emerged; spirit's harmony will be the beginning of a new world."

"The new spiritual bond cannot live in the air, the holy theocracy of beauty must dwell in a free state, and that wants to have a place on earth, which we will certainly conquer."

(Hölderlin.)

Now that a fourth edition of *The Faith of the New Human* [a)] proves necessary, I would like to say a few words about the relationship of this booklet to my other work.

A new humanity is growing across the entire civilized earth. New in the full sense. It is not merely a sharpening or expansion of the abilities and knowledge of past generations. It is a true "rebirth" that unites the most primitive originality of man with the perfection of the most recent culture.

It is a rebirth of human perception: the first wonder of the first

man once again gazes into space, but now reborn into conscious wonder.

It is a rebirth of language: the freshness of the first human cry repeats itself in it, uniting with the subtlest rationality.

The new man will finally come to a new, objective worldview. But to begin with, he is a new personality. Of and from that new personality, I spoke in *Cultivate Yourself*, [b)] and, more confidently and maturely, in *The Faith of the New Human*. In this, I have tried to express the personal nature of the new man briefly and simply, openly and clearly. Those who read this work with understanding and agreement will recognize the articulation and imagination of their own inner disposition in it. They will also come to realize that the new humans are, for now, still "individuals." Everything alive in our time in terms of societal or religious institutions or propaganda associations floats between primitive originality and the latest culture. The unity of living civilization and originality is only possible for now in individuals, who can indeed speak to each other from person to person, but who do not yet possess a common, clearly outlined, objective worldview.

After *The Faith of the New Human*, I wrote *Christosophy* [c)], which marks a transition from the new personal to the new objective.

In *Man and Nature* [d)], I began to sketch the new image of objective reality, as it must grow, in essence, as an inner and outer act of the new personality. I will deepen, broaden, and make it positive in a forthcoming work [e)], in which the new worldview will come to verifiable accuracy, to consciously perceived reality, to ... exact

beauty. Several courses I have presented on "positive mysticism" give me hope that I will finally be able to contribute something to the correct depiction of the new, objective worldview, which will one day unite the new humans into a living community of inner-knowledge [f)].

Laren, April 1914. M. SCHOENMAEKERS.

I NEW PEOPLE

New people, I say, not "modern" people. "Modern" is a designation of time. Modern is the person "who goes along with their time."

"New," in the strict sense of the word, is a designation of essence. New is the person who is fresh and young in their inwardness; new is the person with undiminished, life-filled inspiration; new is the person who rejoices in every rise in life; new is the person who truly lives and awakens a love of life in everything that is not entirely withered or worn out.

The new person does not necessarily have to "go along with their time" in everything. After all, what is old in time can, in essence, be much fresher, much "newer" than what is modern. From yesterday or the day before, the most modern petrifications of soulless things can sometimes arise, while that which powerfully lives, though centuries old and eternally young, remains always new. Without the joy of life, what is withered awakens nothing; but what is new remains forever. Shakespeare, for example, is forever new, while many a modern person without inspiration evokes only pity.

New people - who are new people? "When I was hungry," says Heine, "they fed

me snakes; when I was thirsty, they quenched my thirst with gall; they poured hell into my heart, so that I wept venom and sighed fire; they pursued me even into the dreams of my nights." [1] And yet, "in my chest, that flaming love constantly blooms, full of longing, hovering high above the earth, wandering adventurously through the vast, gaping spaces of the heavens, only to be repelled by the cold stars. It sinks back to the small earth, and then, amidst tears and jubilation, it must confess that in all of creation, there is nothing more beautiful and nothing better than the human heart." [2]

Heine, in his “Reisebilder”, is a new person because he is genuine in his living faith in Life. Oh, there are so many who say they have overcome all fear of dead dogmas and the like; so many who claim to trust solely in the sacred life of Nature. But is their faith genuine? If they trust in the creative and beautifying power of Life so deeply that even the fullness of human life, with all its disappointments, cannot extinguish their faith—then yes. But if their faith in life can only breathe in blissful rapture with Nature, yet falters as soon as it encounters the baseness of humanity, then their faith is nothing more than a vain theatrical gesture.

The faith in the sacred depths of the human heart is inseparable from the true faith in the sacred Life of Nature. Flowers and animals and clouds and mountains usually offer us only the sweetness of Life; even the weary of life, tired soul believes in their beauty. But the human spirit trembles in the depths of Life - whoever can still believe there, whoever can still wholeheartedly

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1) Reisebilder. – The City of Lucca. [g]
2) ibid.

both weep and rejoice, may truly confess: Life is beautiful and good.

Who are the new humans?

They are, and always have been, the hearts full of joy, who plumbed the depths of humanity and, despite all the bitterness of their spurned love, despite all the wrath provoked by their noblest, mocked intentions, despite all the pent-up sorrows of their misunderstood souls, continued to love the human spirit. For they saw in the human heart, even deep within the ugliest, an imperishable beauty.

The first Christians were the new humans of their time. Their faith in the God-Man Jesus opened their souls to the profound value of being human. They, too, believed that "there is nothing in all creation more beautiful and better than the human heart." And their faith was a genuine, living faith. The intoxicating rapture of their love for Jesus, who they believed would soon return to open heaven for them in glorified humanity, inspired them to heroic devotion.

Those first Christians had a great privilege that we must miss: they knew almost no sorrow other than grand spiritual anguish. The ferocious hatred against their faith was embodied in the mighty worldly authority, which they saw as a divine dispensation meant to strengthen and purify their love for Jesus. The world was their sworn enemy, openly declaring its hostility and taking pride in its hatred. All their struggles, all their suffering, were undeniably grand; all their sorrows were not eased but beautified by glorious, tragic emotion.

For us, new humans of this time, it is not so. Certainly, we too must endure our tragic sorrows for the sake of our free and living

faith in the divine dignity of humanity. Venomous mockery and vile slander are our share; at every smile of our happiness, we are beset by petty envy; our love is called delusions of grandeur, our most beautiful passion is called lust; the tender shyness of our souls is interpreted as fear of exposing all the baseness we supposedly have to hide. Those sorrows we would certainly not want to miss. Those sorrows are pains of the soul, and pains of the soul are so beautiful; they are tragic delights for those who honor every breath of sacred Life.

But we have something else to endure that the first Christians did not know. The world and the old faith, which is the antithesis of our faith, are no longer united as they were in their time. The world - the "great public" and everything acknowledged or seeking acknowledgment by the great public - now has very little in common with "faith." The churches may still be full, but certainly not full of faith. The world of ordinary masses does not oppose us; it teases us, provokes us with all kinds of petty annoyances, in which we can feel nothing tragic because we are ultimately not perfect enough to see Fate in everything, even the smallest things. Today's world is largely a collection of philistines who haggle, feign propriety, and make noise. These philistines pester us like flies that keep landing on your nose, no matter how often you swat them away ....

Oh, if only nothing but what brings us joy or sorrow of the soul could penetrate us! Oh, if we could fight with the world chivalrously, with great love and great hate, battling for life or death! That would be blissful - at times deeply tragic, but never exhausting.

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Isn't it true that the petty philistine affairs, from which we cannot yet fully detach ourselves because we must live in this world, tire us so much? And that is why we need something that the first Christians did not require. Opposite the bustling activity of the world, our soul must be imbued with a calm and genuine life, full of self-aware strength. The first Christians could afford to be zealots because no petty-bourgeois world wore them down. The new people of our time cannot be zealots; otherwise, they too become busy without depth, the world makes contact with them, and their glorious faith succumbs—not to great wounds, but to prosaic fatigue.

The new people of our time must, therefore, be shielded against all empty fantasizing. They must not only believe in soul beauty and soul happiness, but they must also think earnestly and thoroughly about soul beauty and soul happiness. They must thoughtfully and experientially examine how human soul life grows and wanes; they must strive to understand as profoundly as possible the psychological movements of human nature. Then the superficial world can no longer harm their stern, contemplative souls. The new souls of our time need temples of thought, imbued with sacred seriousness, where they can retreat when the frivolous ones have worn them out to the brink of exhaustion.

Let us build such a temple together. While we work on it, perhaps Life itself, the Heart of the Earth itself, will laugh its jubilation or sob its lamentation into our souls. Then we shall momentarily lay down the trowel of thought to be joyful or sorrowful together, in the wondrous hope of one day celebrating the full freedom of the children of Life, who know and feel nothing else but the eternal, mighty

Fate that is Life. When that freedom has become our share, we will no longer need a temple. One day, future generations will look upon our thought-temples with reverence, just as we now look with reverence at the images of the crucified Jesus. Then the new human will no longer think to combat deadly pettiness; rather, their heart itself will be an embodied Thought, so intimate and yet so vast that it compels pettiness to become great the moment it approaches their soul.

II CONSECRATION

There was a time when I regarded Christianity as the universal religion, and I tried to immerse myself in the essence of Christianity. Eventually, I thought I had found it in the ideal humanity of Jesus, who was the ideal human because he loved God above all and worshipped Him.

But soon I had to realize that the power that made the first Christians into new people, so that they could jubilantly rejoice in life despite all the tortures for their faith, was absolutely not the belief in God alone, and even less the belief in the ideal humanity of their Savior. For modern Christians, who now honestly believe in God "despite all that arouses doubt," and also honestly continue to see Jesus as the ideal human, are not "new" people. Perhaps they glow for a time, full of courage and life, but the world soon drags them along in its cold current: then they bargain along, act respectably, and amuse themselves just like the others. That concrete reality I had to see because I had eyes, and through it, all my abstract philosophizing about "the essence of Christianity" collapsed.

What inspired the first Christians to heroism

was a very concrete reality, a natural reality for them: the fact that their Savior deified human nature, because, being and remaining God, he had incorporated human nature into his singular personhood. It was not the gentle dreamer Jesus who could ignite that living enthusiasm, which, for example, made the first Christians into poets of the moving legends of Jesus. They had become new people because their souls could believe: Jesus is our God, our God in whom a human heart like ours trembles with human joy and contracts with human sorrow.

The deeply emotional awareness of the infinite value of every human soul—that is the essence of every living faith. That awareness is born in very different ways in different people. For the Christian, it arose from the believed fact of God and Man united in one person: Jesus. For the new people of our time, who have had to doubt the historical reliability of the gospel accounts, that awareness arises from another reality—but in any case, from a reality outside themselves, which influences all their senses and their entire being so profoundly that any cold "reasoning" is powerless against it. Only such an all-overwhelming, concrete reality can be the Priest who lays hands on the devout person and consecrates them to a living faith.

Certainly, personal preparation is necessary for such consecration. The first and last commandment of that preparation is: Know yourself. For the soul cannot be consecrated without being receptive to the Mystery that comes to it in the consecration. And that receptivity lies in its deepest self, which it must unearth by its own strength.

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But, hand on heart, reader! Is self-knowledge enough for you? Can you say, if you are a person who wants to live: my heart is sufficient unto itself? No, isn't that so? The soul, which zealously tries to unearth its finest treasures from within itself, becomes humble and waits, waits kneeling for the blessing of the concrete Reality that allows it to behold Life face to face.

Which concrete Reality?

Do not ask that just yet.

First, build your own temple of personal, protective silence, so that there is at least one place for you where nothing can intrude from all that trades, postures, and makes noise.

And let your temple be centrally supported by three pillars of pure beauty and firm thought: humility, doubt, and holiness.

III HUMILITY

It seems daring to say something about myself now that I want to speak about humility. Is humility not "forgetting oneself," "serving the community more than oneself," and so on? Certainly, that can all be humility, but it can also be disguised vanity.…

On that day, I was certainly very humble and very happy.

It was a calm autumn morning, and I was walking alone in a lonely forest. Then I saw how a barely noticeable breeze detached a withered leaf from a tree. The golden little thing slowly floated down. As it descended, it met a bundle of sunrays. For a moment, it lit up, and then gently swayed in the dreamy twilight. Finally, it touched the shadow on the path and quietly lay there. As I watched all of this, I felt the Truth within me that the eternal Power of eternal Life was at work in that simple leaf. And the floating, glowing, swaying, and resting of that insignificant little being were grand acts for my reverent soul. The Truth that moved me, I did not understand, but it made me indescribably happy.

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"Nothing special..."

No, nothing special. But precisely because I felt the grandeur in the nothing-special, I was so humble and so happy then. So humble and so happy must our new painters be when they dream of a simple little landscape, from which such deep life speaks and so little "special."

I walked back to the city, and the bustle of the wide streets told me how desperately people here sought the "special," how they acted weighty, how one preached his dogma and another his politics, how one fussed only about his business and another only about his party. Namelessly happy I was in the quiet woods. Namelessly unhappy I would have felt in the roar of the unhappy people, if the silence of the woods had not stayed with me. For my soul is born to be reverent—and so empty it finds the "weighty" deeds of men.

Why am I telling you an event from my own soul? Because your soul, in its deepest intimacy, is no different from mine. You, just as I and all living people, can only draw your happiness from one source: reverent contemplation of the Mystery of Life. Indulge in all pleasures that are not reverent and still—and you will find that in the end, your most beautiful desires remain empty. Enrich your mind with all understandable things, and deep within you, something will continue to complain, a soul nobler than the sharpest mind. Your innermost humanity asks for something other than understanding, something other than busy enjoyment—your innermost humanity can only breathe in devout reverence for the Mystery that is perceived. Just ask the happy ones: lovers, artists, thinkers, mystics, ask them if understanding makes them blissful. They will all have to

answer negatively. Or does the lover understand the Love that moves him? Does the artist understand the Inspiration that makes him a creator? Where is the thinker who became happy by what he intellectually understood? If the thinker is happy, it is not by the "satisfaction" of his mind, which has grasped something. One need not be a thinker to believe that a person can be happy by merely analyzing and synthesizing concepts. If the thinker is happy, it is because of the living, endless creation of his wisdom. The true thinker thinks only in order to continually move forward toward new un-understandability and to contemplate it in inspired sensuality.

"But I do not strive for happiness! I seek Truth! Truth above all!"

Do not use the word "Truth" lightly. So many have squandered that word to hold onto a claim they were too afraid to let go of, because they were creatures of habit, too afraid to truly live.

Do you want Truth? Excellent! But then, living Truth, right? And where does the living Truth thrive the most? Where do you see human life flourishing the most?

There, where there is faithful obedience to the inspiration of the utterly Unknowable.

Where a thinker does not rest in the understood, but is constantly driven by a desire to behold, one which he trusts but does not understand, there is Life, there is Truth.

Where an artist lets himself be played like an uncomprehending violin by the Inspiration that comes and goes, misunderstood, there is Life, there is Truth.

Where a lover feels himself inspired by Love and cries and laughs for what he does not understand and never will understand, there is Life, there is Truth.

Is this not also Truth, that only Love gives us life? That it alone gives us living reality? And this is the nature of human Love: it desires eternity – and who understands what this means: the yearning for eternity? Who understands our highest reality, Love?

This is what experience teaches every person who lives: Only the Mystery gives us happiness and life. And therefore, life experience and life contemplation are the best schools of humility. They teach that our small individual knowledge, our individual conviction, upon which we so love to pride ourselves, cannot make us happy. They teach that the source of human happiness, human life, human reality, human truth, wells up from that one thing, which is nothing special, which is the common heritage of all people, regardless of rank, race, color, nationality, or mere intellectual conviction: the one Mystery.

So it is true, then, that humility is "forgetting oneself," "serving the community more than oneself."

But not in the sense that my limited self must kneel before another limited self, not in the sense that I must let another's conviction be imposed upon me – this would only be one individual denying themselves for the sake of another individual. But in the sense that the humble person vividly feels the insignificance of all individuality, all "specialness," in comparison to that One, that no one can understand, but which every living human soul can behold: the one Life, the one Mystery. Whoever speaks from this mystical feeling, speaks from and of themselves not from their separate little self, but from the deepest depth of their soul, where all people are one being, one living humanity, one great Self.

The humble person therefore speaks openly and gladly from and of themselves. They always speak living words when they speak from themselves. But they say nothing "special" about themselves.

Consider this carefully. I know well, the understanding of humility, even though it is more or less an emotional understanding, is still not humility itself [1)]. But I did also tell you that our thought temple is not yet the consecration itself. It must only protect our soul from the exhausting rush of the world, so that one day Life can consecrate us.

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1) He who does not see human life in understanding and at the same time finds a need for proper concepts does not contradict himself in the slightest.

One must distinguish between philosophical understanding and mystical understanding.

Philosophical understanding understands in order to understand. For philosophy, understanding is the goal.

Mystical understanding understands in order to reduce living objectivity to clear visibility.

Mystical understanding is a means.

IV DOUBT

Human beings have always believed that their human life, their human joy and human sorrow, first begins where their "understanding" ends.

This belief is a deeply human spiritual disposition, one with human essence, and therefore self-made in itself, natural and always indestructible.

The whole of human history is a witness to humanity's mystical inner nature. All ancient religions profess belief in a reality that cannot be understood. And the most modern religious expressions share this one thing with the oldest: that they too see the highest human truth in the incomprehensible. "For the modern thinker," says Dr. A. Kalthoff, "it is precisely this that constitutes the soul of all his doing and thinking, this overcoming of the known so that it becomes something unknown, this defeating of something so that nothing arises from it! The Unknown, the Unknowable, is to the modern thinker the inspiring, life-giving force of humanity, without which life would be unbearable, impossible, and nothing more than a back-and-forth between pleasure and boredom. A God that could be

understood by humans would cease to be God" [1].

Now, the history of religion is the history of human happiness lived. And the fact that humanity has always endured, desired, and continues to endure and desire the belief in the incomprehensible in their life of happiness indicates that the incomprehensible is their highest reality. Therefore, I said: this belief is inherently uncreated, natural, and always indestructible.

Yes, always indestructible, but not always uncreated, not always natural. That belief can degenerate, and it has degenerated in most people of our time.

There are two kinds of incomprehensibility: the true, absolutely Incomprehensible, and the manufactured, sought-after mystery.

The true Incomprehensible is Life itself. No thinker has understood Life; no thinker will ever understand Life. The sought-after mystery, however, is, for example, the entire mass of religious and religiously tinted doctrines that humans have made because they feared the one true Mystery, Life. Their mystical drive toward the incomprehensible could not be denied, they feared the true Mystery, and therefore they created mysteries, which, sooner or later, their awakening intellect must unmask in all its artificiality.

For us, people of this time, examples of such manufactured mystery are within reach. You know just as well as I do that every ecclesiastical belief of our time professes a system of opinions to which no believer may doubt. Unyieldingly, every orthodoxy draws sharp boundaries between opinions that I may subject to the judgment

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1) The Religion of the Moderns. – The New God.

of my intellect, and opinions that must be exempt from all criticism, opinions that I must accept as the mysteries of God on pain of eternal damnation. What good is it that my intellect constantly points out the grossest contradictions in the dogmas, I may not cross the traditional boundaries of belief. This is how misunderstanding is created, this is how faith secrets are made, but these manufactured secrets are not the true, utterly unfathomable Mystery, the unsought Mystery that is Life.

The made secrets arose, I said, from a lack of courage in people to give their hearts in faith to the true Mystery, Life itself. Life, with its grand fate, its unrelenting laws, its unwavering persistence of power despite blood and tears, is only good and beautiful for very brave people. The weary, the worn-out, make other mysteries for themselves, less fatal – less unjust, they say.

However, the new people of all times have professed the one Mystery, Life, and upon that they have trusted. The new people of all times, even the first Christians. Their joy of life, their courage in death had nothing to do with various doctrines that had to be accepted under the threat of hell. Only their Jesus legends already testify to such beautiful creative power, that we should not suspect any slavish fear in them. Their "salvific event" was: Jesus, God and Man. Therefore, their soul rejoiced: 'The almighty, divine Life has been revealed to us as one being with our human life. Jesus is God, and He has called us His brothers, whose faith can move mountains. We are of divine descent, we are one with the

all-powerful Life, what can harm us!" - And they fantasized about their heaven as beautifully as possible. Why not? Were they not aware of their divine power? It is unlikely that "reward" in the literal, cold sense of the word would have been a driving force behind their creative enthusiasm. Their emotion, which made the earth glorious and created the heavens, was faith in life. They were childlike people, but no less: new people.

The new people of our time can no longer believe so easily. They are burdened with made-up, fear-seeking mysteries from centuries past, and the world can wear them down so much that they once again cling to those formulated doctrines that, for the "chosen ones," are less fatal and less unjust than Life itself. That is not only harsh; it is also a hint toward a higher human existence, toward a more mature faith.

The new people of our time need: doubtfulness. They must dare to doubt the authenticity of traditional, mysterious dogmas. [1] I say doubtfulness because a beginning of doubt comes naturally. Living and unattenuated belief in traditional doctrines is so rare in our time that we can leave it undiscussed. I say doubtfulness once again: for their doubt must not only concern the "church" doctrines but almost all the ideals of their youth.

Let me be clear. It is undeniable that intense storms of ideas are sweeping through the entire modern intellectual world, the entire modern intellectual world, not just the specifically religious sphere. Ancient

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1) It is precisely the courageous doubting of religious dogmas that reveals the living, mystical core of truth, which is wrapped in the dogma.

traditions, values, sanctified by customs, originating in time immemorial, ideals that were once inviolable to our ancestors, as sacred as religion itself, and which still bear a somewhat religious tint... everything is in anxious motion, because the wind of doubt is howling through our entire intellectual atmosphere, the wind of doubt that no modern soul can remain completely untouched by. God, fatherland, family, private property, immortality, justice, duty—everything that was once sacred and truly alive for our ancestors is now shaken by new ideas. Do we dare to doubt all of this when our reason tells us that we must doubt? Do we dare to logically think through when our mind has been awakened by the breath of a new life? Or do we forbid ourselves to doubt, perhaps artificially keeping the small lights of our old, worn-out ideals burning, because we are too afraid of the light to dare see the eternally new Life that so powerfully shines in many souls of our time? I know, "church" doctrines no longer hinder the thoughts of the modern person, but aren't there other wavering opinions, whose authenticity we do not dare to boldly doubt?

One concrete example.

We probably all still remember that the fatherland, the historically created fatherland, was an untouchable ideal for us: patriotism, we thought, is a necessary virtue for every good person. For myself, at least, I still remember very well that the word "fatherland" made such a strong impression on my youthful heart that it always awakened a series of delightful fantasies within me. When someone spoke to me of "the fatherland," I already saw the national tricolor fluttering, proudly waving, both in greeting and in destruction; I saw swords and bayonets shining in the sunlight, cannons roaring in battle, and fanfares heralding

victory. I say it a bit bombastically, but it was also bombastic.So it probably went for most of us in our youth. But who would dare to claim that now, the fatherland, the historically constructed fatherland, is still an untouchable ideal for us! We can still believe in the sanctity of the fatherland, or we may no longer believe in it, but the fatherland is certainly no longer untouchable; the wind of doubt has greatly shaken that old, venerable ideal. Do we dare to think consistently about it now? Do we dare to subject that glorious ideal of our youth to a thorough, relentless critique by our intellect? I suspect that many of us, however free we may be from any "churchly" faith, will have to answer: No, I still do not dare to let go of my national faith.

Some time ago, I read an article in *Figaro*, titled, "Tolstoy and the Russo-Japanese War." That article was interesting, not for its particular merit, but because it spoke from the heart of many still national-believers of our time. "I know well," wrote *Figaro*, "that Tolstoy, through the power of his mind and will, has freed himself from what is called: the prejudices of nationality. He is and wants to be a true world citizen, his brothers are the people, all people; he has deep compassion for the poor soldier, who is driven away from his fertile fields to be sent to slaughter, he burns with holy anger against the Russian jurists, diplomats, and journalists, who could not prevent the horrendous killing war. Such complete and magnificent independence is certainly to be admired — but we are just simple people, who still hold on to the idea of patriotism, who still believe in the sacred symbol of the national

flag .... this is our only fitting and sufficient answer, however naïve it may be." Do you hear it? - We still believe naïvely! That which is made naïveté, that is made faith. Certainly, even I believe that there is an eternal-true core in natural love for one's own people, but the historically formed fatherland, which has been made by trickery and violence, can no longer be "sacred" for a thinking person of our time. The Truth that can still live today in thoughtful love for one's people is: love for one's own language and everything the own language symbolizes. Other forms of nationalism are reheated death.

I mentioned "fatherland" as one example, and I quoted part of this article as a striking example of made un-understanding. A careful look around you provides you with many other examples in abundance. It is saddening to see how few people dare to be fully human in their undeniable doubt about old values. Very developed, even highly learned men, eager for scientific rigor and objectivity, resolutely refuse to think or speak about a certain "dangerous" subject because a "decent" person does not concern themselves with such matters; decency must indeed be inviolable. Much of the confusing clamor over "principles," which wastes so much precious time and thought, is due to the fear of touching an old, beloved little ideal. Yes, it seems to me that the restless pursuit of noisy entertainment, the self-daze of loud indulgence, and even the pitiable struggle for money, money, always more money, in short, the whole worldly racket, which nowadays creates so many nervous wrecks, is an expression of the fear: I do not want to see the ruins of humanity’s old life ideals, I especially do not want to see how empty and lifeless it is in

my own soul. Even more, the faint-hearted fear that emptiness of the soul more than the ruins of their ideals, they want to flee from boredom more than from pain. No, most modern people do not have doubt. Artificially, they want to keep alive what was once an un-understood and spontaneously believed reality; they want made un-understanding, but made secrets are not the one true unfathomable Mystery.

I know well that consistent doubt is a very high form of courage. It requires much more courage to dare to doubt a doubt to its final consequences than to persist in an action until the end. Far braver it is to remain faithful to the truth inwardly, even if it threatens to show us the emptiness of our own hearts, than to fight outwardly with disregard for the truth. External consistency is often nothing more than foolish stubbornness. Inner consistency, i.e., perfect honesty with oneself, is always great courage, and almost always misunderstood courage.

Yet all new people are called to this heroism. In the small world of their own hearts, they must be heroes. For only when all made mystery has disappeared from their belief life can the one true Mystery reveal itself to their new faith. Oh, the one, always true Mystery, Life itself, will more than compensate for what they lose from all artificial ideals. To dare to doubt the authenticity of everything that even remotely hints at artificiality, to dare to believe in the unmade, one Life—that is the entire content of the abundant, new belief in life.

So often we hear modern people say: our faith must be a faith of life, in contrast to the old orthodoxy, which has died. But

do not speak to me of faith in life if you do not dare to expose your heart, completely and fully exposed to Life. Do not shield your heart behind an artificiality, to which you already deeply doubt in the innermost part of your soul, but offer it, your naked, defenseless heart, to Life itself, and then boast of your faith in life.

I know well that Life will break your unprotected heart. Life, after all, which is Creation, cannot recreate without first destroying: thus, your heart must break before it can be reborn. But do not worry! Even broken hearts, yes, broken hearts alone know deep happiness, because they alone are consciously humble. They alone know through inner, tragic experience, that they are nothing in the face of the great Force that governs and shapes the universe, but they also know that they are everything when that Force has entered them.

The weary person mourns broken ideals, hopelessly, because they may bear, but cannot create. The person who believes in life simply and sincerely says:

Blessed are the broken hearts, for they can be humble!

You have broken me, O my dear Life, but that is good. For you have made me obedient to you, only to you.

I humbly let my heart now be guided by your inspiration, just as a string humbly trembles under the artist's hand.

Blessed are the broken hearts, which allow themselves to be renewed by the creative Life.

Whoever despises all strength to embrace the one Life Force alone, that person must be a Creator.

V HOLINESS

At all times, there have certainly been new people in whose hearts Life blossomed with the fresh joy of spring. But sometimes, that Life bloomed so powerfully that the human heart, from the most natural, purest life emotion, became a creator. Then it did not create passionate art, no poetry full of beautiful, glowing passion, but something more beautiful than that: a very sublime, in-simplicity-great life wisdom. Such creations are made for eternity. Immortal is the beauty that continues to speak within them to all truly living people of all times.

One such creation is the story of Paradise from our Old Testament. I still remember the day and hour when that legend of Adam and Eve finally spoke to my soul. After much pain and struggle, I had dared to doubt everything I once believed I needed in order to be happy. And when the pain of separation had been endured, I felt that spring in me of becoming a new person. Then, I felt the ancient Paradise story as always new wisdom poetry. No other "perspective" had I discovered for biblical interpretation, nor was it more modern than all that is modern—oh no, it was something entirely new: a new power

of seeing had come into my soul. The poet who created Adam and Eve greeted me as a kindred spirit, and I could immerse myself in his poetry as though it were my own soul's work.

You know the legend of Adam and Eve. You have been told that it is the picturesque depiction of God's curse upon the earth, or (more modern) that it is a poetic representation of man's struggle with his sensual nature. But those who told you that did not know the Spring of Life. They had never been, far from all artificial ideals, in intimate solitude, alone, with Life itself. I will not "prove" anything to you. Who proves the authenticity of a creation? I will simply tell you what the ancient Paradise story said to me when it became new for me, and how completely different it spoke to me than to the learned biblical commentators.

Adam and Eve, the man and the woman, were happy. Childishly, they enjoyed the blessings of nature and did not think of wanting to do or be anything other than what their own spontaneous, natural humanity called them to. More beautifully and simply than the Bible expresses it, one cannot say it: "And they were both naked, Adam and his wife, and they were not ashamed" (Gen. 2:25). Adam and Eve were unconscious, innocent creatures of God. They were holy.

But they did not remain holy. Sin robbed them of their dignity and happiness. What did that sin consist of? They ate from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." So says the ancient Bible.

And what do most theologians, especially modern theologians, say? "The fall of Adam and Eve was a temptation and a victory of sensuality, of sexual desire. The Bible does not say it in such direct terms. It expresses itself very chastely. And quite rightly. Sin, after all, is a learned knowledge

of good and evil. Only by doing the bad does one learn to appreciate the good …"

Pitiful chastity of the scribes, what are you but made mystification! And pitiful correctness, what are you but sought-after profundity!

Adam and Eve ate from the tree of the "knowledge of good and evil." That is what it says. They wanted to know good and evil; that was their sin. In the entire narrative, insofar as it speaks of the fall of man, there is no mention of lust. Eve desires the fruit, not out of passionate longing for her husband, but because "the serpent" stirs her curiosity. That is what it says. "God knows," tempts the serpent, "that on the day you eat of it, your eyes will be opened and you will be like God, knowing good and evil." (Gen. 3: 5). The "crafty serpent" is nothing but the symbol of man's ingenious intellect, which becomes extraordinarily cunning when tainted by pride, when it desires to "be like God." The "sin of Adam and Eve," i.e., the most original, deepest sin of man, the original sin of humanity, the source of all its degeneration, is not a sin of the flesh, but a sin of the intellect. When the intellect becomes proud, it strips the human being of his specific human dignity, his holiness, and must make him deeply wretched. [1)]

You can often hear it argued,

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1) According to pure linguistic sense, there is a difference between "reason" and "intellect." The intellect understands, dwelling in fixed, ready-made concepts. Reason reasons, it brings order to what the intellect understands, and, moved by the plastic "soul," it prepares the human being for the conscious-plastic "contemplation" of reality. The intellect understands philosophically, reason mystically. (See note p. 14).

if you wish, that the intellect is actually the bearer of human dignity. The intellect, it is said, elevates man above the animal.The intellect, it is said, elevates man above the animal. Perhaps the animal also has a bit of intellect, but man certainly has much more. Well then, it is not true that it is precisely the intellect that elevates man above the animal. The intellect does not give man his specific human dignity, his "holiness"; and therefore it cannot know human good and evil, that is why it is sinful when it wants to eat from the tree of "knowledge of good and evil." Certainly, there is human good and human evil, there is holy and unholy. But the intellect is neither the bearer nor the knower of them.

The intellect - oh, I admit that man also differs from the animal through it. Oh yes, man has more intellect than the animal. But, in truth, does the intellect elevate man above the animal? Truly not. The intellect has given man much power, but if no soul shapes his intellect, man becomes, precisely through his intellect, the most base, the most degenerate creature in the world. Even if the crafty intellect had only invented deceitful diplomatic trickery, it would have already lost all claim to being the true bearer of man's dignity. The intellect has made man more powerful than the animal. Yes! But it has used that power in such a way that its inventions have caused inhuman hunger and bloated bourgeois pride. If the intellect were the source of man's dignity, then clever but deceitful legal tricks would be holier than the unconscious, entirely uncalculated heart-song of a poet.

No, the intellect knows nothing of holiness. The soul, which does not calculate, which cannot be made,

the living soul, which humbly allows itself to be inspired by the Mystery it worships, it sees man's holiness and degeneration. But if we want to know good and evil in a purely intellectual way, we are overtaken by wretched megalomania; then the intellect makes us base and miserable, and the only radical remedy for our degeneration is to return to sincere humility, through which we allow ourselves to be moved again to spontaneous reverence for the Greatness that is to be observed but not understood.

This remedy is also spoken of in the old Paradise story. The divinity tells man the dreadful consequences their longing for "knowledge of good and evil" will bring. And at the end of the detailed enumeration of man's miseries, the divinity says: "… until you return to the earth, for out of it you were taken; for you are dust, and to dust you shall return" (Gen. 3:19).

Again, the school theology arbitrarily interprets "returning to the dust" as dying and being buried; but "returning to the dust" has a deep, yet obvious psychological meaning. "Returning to the dust" is not death, which ends man's suffering because it extinguishes his existence as a human, but "returning to the dust" is a human act of life that heals the living man from his pitiable degeneration.

"You are dust, and to dust you shall return" is not a prophecy, not a curse, but a moral command, just as the command "You shall not kill" is. And this moral command provides the natural remedy for man's moral sickness, and the misfortune that follows from it.

"You are dust, and to dust you shall return" means:

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Swear off that desired sublimity, which seeks to reason purely intellectually about good and evil. All moral judgment of your intellect is nothing but manufactured arrogance. The unexamined, spontaneous, natural life of matter, even of your matter, your senses, your body, is sacred. The dust of the earth is enlivened dust, and therefore it is good, and therefore you must honor it, and through its spirit, it must show you what is good and evil.

"You are dust, and you shall return to dust" – this is the complaint of all unmade holiness:

"Blessed are you, O human, as long as you can naively or seriously enjoy what your senses reveal to you.

But too little has become of the beauty of flowers and birds, too little the beauty of your own body.

Your mind wants to understand good and evil, exalted above all matter, just as unseen gods consider themselves exalted above all matter.

But you are still dust.

If you wish to be exalted, be humble dust, so that the divinity can mold and inspire you according to its exalted will.

Arrogant human, you have become like harp strings that want to play by themselves and scorn the artist's hand.

Thus, you have scorned the divinity and wanted to make yourself into a god.

Arrogant human, why are you ashamed to be human?

You will remain deeply unfortunate as long as your pride resists the inspiration of the one Life."

"You are dust, and you shall return to dust." - It is clear that we should not attach a "scientific" meaning to the word "dust"

here.The poems of humans tremble with humanity; they do not think of "science." These expressions have nothing to do with scientific materialism but only with the human perception of matter, the feeling of its beauty, its inspiration. Matter here means what everyone understands by it: everything that is directly perceivable by normal senses, especially the human form, the human body.

A great deal of harm has been said by moralists about the human body. The "spirit" is divine, isn't it? But the body... the fig leaves are still honored. And yet, what the poet of the Paradise story saw is true: that the body is inspired, and the mind, as such, is not. Compare a drawn artistic portrait with a well-taken photograph. Then you may feel what inspiration is. Then you may also realize why I call the body inspired and the mind, as such, not. Oh yes, the calculations of our mind are often very accurate—accurate and cold like a photograph. Only very few people have enough soul force to also inspire their mind, so that warm life radiates through their thoughts [1)]. The human body, however, with its incomprehensible and yet evidently divine instincts, which can never fully degenerate, is inspired. The human body with its unshaped forms, spontaneously grown according to divine-fatal laws, is inspired. The human face is inspired. It is true that not all human bodies

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1) For me, there is no greater beauty than inspired reason. Precisely because the mind, as such, is so rigid and hard, only the finest and most powerful humanity can give "plasticity" to the mind and dedicate it to reason in this way.

are "well-formed," but even in the misshapen body, there is still beauty: the tragedy of the fallen king of nature, a tragedy that moves every sensitive person deep within, while the mind of the greatest philosopher, who is nothing more than a philosopher, leaves you cold with all its correctness.

"You are dust, and you shall return to dust."

Yes, we owe restoration to the inspired matter, especially to the inspired matter of our own body, which we have scorned in our pride. And only when the feeling of shame over the nakedness of our bodies has disappeared—slowly, gradually, naturally, without willful brutality—only then will we feel the full strength of the human soul, which shapes our body, which lifts us above the animal, which both carries and knows our human dignity, our holiness.

The Paradise story makes a psychological distinction between the misfortune of the man and the woman as a result of humanity's disregard for matter.

"And I (God) will put enmity between you (serpent) and the woman, and between your seed and her seed; it shall bruise your head, and you shall bruise his heel."

"To the woman He (God) said: I will greatly multiply your sorrow and your conception; in sorrow you shall bring forth children; and your desire shall be to your husband, and he shall rule over you." (Gen. 3:15, 16).

This is truly the fate of the woman in our degradation: struggle, terrible struggle with pride, the sin of the mind. The woman feels deeply that ambition relentlessly troubles her happiness, her romantic happiness. Her love life remains yearning,

but time and again, she feels that desire stifled by ambition, which wounds and tortures her natural desire for love. In various forms, ambition attacks her: feelings of shame, convention, class, and so on. The woman wants to resist ambition, but pride does not give her rest: she wants to crush the head of the serpent, but the serpent crushes her heel. Thus, the woman's love life, her life of happiness, is an unceasing inner struggle, an unceasing torture. And she will only overcome when she gradually suppresses all artificial respectability.

Only then will the unjust domination that the man holds over the woman cease. It is generally assumed that the man became the ruler of the woman because the woman is naturally weaker in a physical sense, weaker in muscles. The old Paradise story thinks otherwise. The poet connects the subjugation of the woman in the same breath as her becoming ill as a woman (vs. 16), and her becoming ill as a woman in the same breath as her ongoing struggle with ambition (vs. 15). Ambition robbed the woman of much of the inspiring power she naturally exerts over the man, and as a result, it became possible for her to become the lesser of the man, with whom she was meant to be an equal companion. Even though the woman may be weak in muscles, her strength as a woman will be respected by the man, as long as the man is not degenerate and the woman is not degenerate. This is what the Paradise story suggests. Could it not really be so? Could the imbalances among people not ultimately have human, psychological causes? And should therefore the remedy not be a psychological remedy?

The fate of the man, after humanity's

degeneration, is equally sorrowful, but still very different from the fate of the woman.

"And to Adam He (God) said: Because you have listened to the voice of your wife and have eaten from the tree about which I commanded you, saying, 'You shall not eat from it,' cursed is the ground because of you; through painful toil you will eat of it all the days of your life.

It will produce thorns and thistles for you, and you will eat the plants of the field.

“By the sweat of your brow you will eat your bread..."
(Gen. 3:17-19).

The man does not struggle as fiercely as the woman with pride, the sin of the mind. He does not feel as deeply as the woman the misery of ambition because he has remained less of an objective part of nature than the woman. The man does not fight against the proud intellect but uses it as a force for culture. The Paradise story, in its ancient age and fresh originality, speaks only of the most primitive culture. The man will no longer be content to feed himself with the fruits of the earth, the fruits that nature freely offers him; he will begin to feed himself with artificially baked bread and the plants of the field. It is not the "sweat of the brow" that is the man's primary curse. If this were so, it should already have been mentioned in verse 18. If this were so, "God's curse" would not have bypassed many a well-off idler who deserved it more than the laboring man. No, the "sweat of the brow" is not the curse under which the man—and the entire earth with him—bends. Rather, it is the artificiality, the soulless culture of the mind.

This does not mean at all that we must cast all culture overboard and "return to

nature” in the sense of becoming primitive again. No, no, culture in itself is something entirely different from artificiality or contrivance. Culture too can be natural, and through culture, man can also strive for true simplicity. The dignity of matter, which man must restore to honor, does not lie in its primitiveness but in its inspiration. Man must not neglect the intellect but inspire it. He must create beauty within the culture of rigid intellectualism. That is his masculine way to return to inspired matter.

The woman must crush the serpent of pride; then she will naturally be inspired.
The man, strengthened by her love, must inspire Thought.

Then both humans will be beautiful in their naturalness, natural in their refined civilization. Once, humanity was primitive, unconsciously humble; it must become consciously humble, highly inspired, holy in the fullest sense.

VI THE MASTER BUILDER

And who will be the architect of your temple of thought? Who will arrange your life's concepts into a stately and serene structure? Logic, perhaps? If by logic you mean an unyielding internal consistency—yes. But if by logic you mean the skillful linking of concepts to defend a preconceived idea—no. Truth, which lives, requires no proof, but rather simple, clear words that openly and humbly receive it and serve it when it wishes to speak. To attempt to "prove" a living idea is an insult to it. No, the consistency that can arrange your concepts into a living reality must be a life-consistency, a consistency rooted in deep faith in Life itself.

Life-consistency—but again, I must tell you that external consistency is not the same as life-consistency. External consistency is often nothing more than clinging to something old, against better judgment, out of a lack of energy to create something new.

Inner life-consistency—we already recognized it as the courage of doubt. But this inner consistency does not merely doubt; it does not only tear down;

it also builds up. It is this force that is meant to construct your temple of thought. "Courage of doubt" is its negating name. However, it also has an affirming name: it is called happiness.

Happiness—not the everyday contentment, but the fleeting and intense festival hour, when time itself becomes a song, and space a play of playful colors. Happiness—the singular ecstasy of all the senses, where light and sound merge into a vision of a new earth. Happiness—we can live in its afterglow for a long time, but in its full splendor, it comes only briefly; it would destroy us if it remained.

Only happiness can arrange our life concepts into a stately and serene structure. Only in the ecstasy of happiness and in the afterglow of happiness do we have the right to think and judge rightly, for it is only in moments of happiness-ecstasy and in its afterglow that we are in a creative soul-connection with Life itself. This does not silence the suffering. Even in suffering, a person can be happy; indeed, there exists a wealth of suffering. But the "contented ones," who shun happiness and smugly proclaim that happiness is too dearly bought and too quickly regretted, do not know what "living" is. They may be very reasonable for the world of buying, paying, toiling, and resting, but they remain mute in true human life. They are aware of this and thus attack all who dare to suffer and be happy. The architecture we need for our temple of thought is theoretically very simple. It knows only one law: trust your thinking and judgment only when they are born of happiness. I say: theoretically simple. Practically, this architecture remains very difficult. Usually, our happiness must practice for years before it becomes a reasonably skilled architect of thought.

Such an architect of thought is depicted by Bjørnson

in his drama *Beyond Human Power*. The hero of this drama, the preacher Sang, "sees nothing but what he wishes to see," and he wishes to see only that which is illuminated by his own inner happiness. From the moment something is not illuminated by his happiness, he refuses to pass judgment on it. Do not say that Sang is far from "objective." The believer in Life, who contemplates Life, will understand that Sang follows the only true method for thinking and judging objectively—that is, truthfully. The unhappy person may see many external things, but they are not in a contemplative, soulful connection with the one great Reality that works through all things: the creative Power, Life itself. Sadly, Sang cannot remain faithful to his method until the end. He dies as a result of a moment of doubt, and Bjørnson thereby dramatizes very starkly that the ideal Sang strives to realize in all its perfection is truly "beyond human power."

Well, we will likely not commit Sang's heroic error—the attempt to realize the ideal of faith in life in its absolute perfection by seeing nothing but what is illuminated by our happiness. But we are certainly called to this: to elevate our happiness as the judge within our hearts. We are called, through strict self-discipline, to train ourselves to listen to our happiness. Then our conscious soul-connection with Life becomes stronger and stronger, and we can come to know life. The "contented one," who finds happiness "too costly," boasts of "life experience." Oh, he has "seen so much" and "been through so much." But he has neither beheld nor truly experienced Life, the creative Power. Only he who dared to face suffering for the sake of happiness—the "short and intense festival hour," the "one ecstasy of all senses"—is truly a knower of Life.

It is obvious that many will call such reflections "selfish." Living for and from one's own happiness! - Should we not "be something for others?"

There is a very simple truth that we all honor in the depths of our being, yet one that has been realized by very few. The deepest thinkers, the mystics of all ages, have repeated this truth, knowing how profoundly simple and yet how difficult to penetrate true wisdom is:

To be a blessing to others, you must first be happy yourself.

Master Eckhart, as radical as ever, claims that only one who no longer seeks "the purpose of life" out of an abundance of their own happiness can truly be called good. "If one were to ask a good person: Why do you live? the answer would be: Truly, I do not know; I simply enjoy living." (Sermon: Of the Nameless God).

Maeterlinck advises with a fatherly insistence: "Let us not forget that a virtuous act is always born of happiness. A virtuous act is always the blossom of a happy, inner life. It always presupposes long days of rest on the most peaceful mountains of our soul. No external reward could ever match the serene reward that precedes it." (Wisdom and Destiny, LXXIII).

Nietzsche refers to the "gift-giving" virtue as the true virtue of one who is a blessing to others: "useless virtue," meaning not intentionally useful but spontaneously giving from one’s own essential happiness. (Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Part I).

In order to be a blessing to others, you must first be happy yourself. Most "humane"

people do not truly grasp this simple truth. They want to "be something for others" not out of an abundance of their own happiness, but from a lack of it. They want to make others happy in order to become happy themselves — as if this were not selfish.

Give, compassionate one, give much — but give like the sun, which sends forth its rays from an abundance of its own light.

Inspire your gifts with your own heartfelt happiness — only then are you a benefactor. Free yourself from the illusion that anyone with an abundance of money can be a "benefactor"! What good are dead gifts to people who beg you for the gift of life’s happiness? Let your gifts be like living flowers, which you transplant into the hearts of others; and know that the life of your gifts is: your own happiness.

You can give away money and goods without being happy or spreading happiness, without being a "benefactor" in the least. You can offer your sweat and blood without being happy or spreading happiness, without being a "benefactor" in the least. True acts of kindness only come from the happy one. Can light flow from darkness? Can warmth radiate from ice?

If you are unhappy yourself, you can only receive kindness, not give it. If you are unhappy, seek a benefactor, seek a happy person. You will find him if you seek without envy. And when you have found him, acknowledge his superiority, his right to strengthen you with his power. Happiness is contagious, wherever it finds no envy. Happiness is not just "enjoying," happiness is also "blessing." Happiness is virtue, virtue in its fullest sense.

VII NEW FAITH

I mentioned earlier that the *concepts* of humility, doubt, and holiness are not the actual qualities themselves; they are completed ideas, signs of spiritual life. While we can sense something of the spiritual forces that these qualities represent, we can only do so when we truly understand them. But the Life of Faith, which generates these spiritual forces, is something else entirely. It is a *singular* spiritual force, more valuable than any "virtue," because virtue is only a protective transformation of the Life of Faith itself.

The Life of Faith... I must describe it using "words." I would not do so if I didn't understand that words do more than just communicate—they carry a powerful force that can create a stillness within us, allowing us to truly understand one another without speaking.

It is widely recognized that whenever the Life of Faith is revived in someone, "mysticism" is the primary driving force. Mysticism represents the fresh, ever-renewing aspect of all religions; it is the life of faith itself, the spiritual force.

What is mysticism?"

Oh, do not immediately think of very "special" things: of magical powers or ghostly apparitions or highly philosophical systems. Mysticism is, first and foremost, active-simplistic faith, living faith in the infinite value of the completely uncontrived. The mystic person desires, above all, nothing "special." He believes that humility, i.e., the absence of any will to be "special," makes him receptive to the inspiration of the All-Life. Mysticism is, first and foremost, strong emotional humility; this humility is the highest in-human happiness power. The mystic always feels, first and foremost, the well-known saying of Thomas à Kempis: *be gladly insignificant*.

If mysticism is true, and very powerful, then it shows itself in peculiar workings, workings within the human being itself. These workings vary greatly, depending on the disposition of the mystical individuals. Since mysticism is humanity itself within the human, in which it lives, its workings in each person are different, for the expression of humanity is never perfectly identical in two people. But just as one can categorize people into "types" despite the countless individual differences, one can also distinguish "types" in mystical workings. According to its workings, mysticism could be categorized into: contemplative mysticism, fantasy mysticism, and bodily mysticism.

If the mystical person is primarily a thinker, their soul, with its mystical life, will shape their mind into high, spontaneously growing wisdom. Meister Eckhart is a classical example of this contemplative mysticism.

If the mystical person is rich in imagination, their soul, with its mystical life, will shape their imagination into colorful, spontaneously welling-up poetry.

This fantasy mysticism is, for example, the attractiveness of the medieval Catholic legends.

If the mystical person is physically very finely organized, their soul, with its mystical life, will penetrate into their body in such a way that soul-forces find a docile form in that body and, through that, can assert themselves even outside the body. We find many examples of this bodily mysticism in the lives of the "saints." 1)

Thus, mysticism is very varied in its workings. But in all mystical phenomena, the essence of mystical faith-power remains the same: the emotional awareness of the unique value of the completely uncontrived. Where this awareness is present, there is mysticism, even if it is not yet strong enough to easily bring forth observable mystical workings. For example, when Oscar Wilde in prison discovered the precious treasure of humility, and believed, religiously believed in the infinitely purifying power of the simple elements in their least complicated form (e.g., the sea), he was a mystical person, even though mysticism in him had not yet given birth to his moving "De Profundis."

Where this awareness is not present as a creative force, all phenomena that seem like mystical phenomena are inauthentic. It is very heartening that mysticism is revived in our time, but it is not heartening that mystical workings are so frequently imitated. There is much quackery in the mystical field. To be clear, I must address this further.

The three different types of mystical workings are all frequently imitated, consciously and unconsciously.

The contemplative mysticism is, oh so

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1) These types of mysticism naturally occur, like all types, mixed and nearly unmixed.

often "talked about." The spirit of the mystical thinker is inspired, and therefore he gives birth to mystical wisdom. This living wisdom can certainly come into life-contact with the spirit of other mystically inclined people. Then a thought is set free in their minds, which had already been unconsciously living within them, but had not yet found clear expression. How often does it happen, for example, that a simple Bible reader, reading the words of the mystic Jesus, may say: "I've long felt that stirring within me, but I never could put it into words so clearly." Such a Bible reader is then absolutely no imitator of contemplative mysticism, no "parrot." His belief in those profound thoughts of Jesus is then a living faith. He feels the thoughts of the "Master" as freely born from his own thoughts, which had long grown through his own life force, but ripened through the Master's soul, which he feels connected to his own soul. He does not believe out of weakness, but from soul-strength and a sense of soul kinship. However, countless people in our time, who "run with" the mystical thoughts of others, believe out of weakness. They do not believe out of a sense of soul kinship, but because they would like to know something "special" and do not have enough soul-strength to give birth to or process self-perceived thoughts. Such people are parrots, soulless parrots, and they do much more harm to the spread of true mysticism than the scorned "shallow materialists." They are usually easy to recognize by their invincible need to praise their stolen thoughts. After all, their goal is to be something "special," and what good is something "special" if others don't find it "special"? The true contemplative mystic, however, who has given birth to or processed his own wisdom

in his own mind, feels vividly the core force of his mysticism: humility.He says from the bottom of his heart to himself, what all mystics said: "Be willing to be insignificant," and he is happy through his wisdom, even if no one honors him. He who wants his wisdom to be recognized as something "special," forces it on others, or, even more pedantically, keeps it "secret" with a sense of extraordinary importance, proves that he is a pitiable imitator. The true sage offers his wisdom just as the tree offers its fruit. The tree allows its fruit to be picked by anyone who desires it, but on no fruit is written: "Come pick me."

Even fantasy-mysticism has its usually unconscious and well-meaning imitators. You may know them too, those young dreamers who love to lie on lush green grass, gazing at a deep blue summer sky, or, when the weather is bad, lying on a soft sofa with their hands folded under their heads, eyes staring at the ceiling. I don't like speaking ill of them, they are often worth much more than the "practical" people who can stroll through the world in their slippers because they have so little imagination. But one thing I often miss in young dreamers, the essential mystical quality: felt humility. They too often want to be "something special," special in clothes, special in taste, special in love, special in everything they do. Once again, I love those dreamers, but that's precisely why I regret that relatively few of them realize, when it's still time, that their fantasies are not ennobling, not sacred, i.e. not mystical, as long as they are not carried and strengthened by powerful soul-life, which is naturally humble. But let me

not "preach" to them, for they are still too fresh and lively for that. Instead, I would rather give them some good advice—ah yes, "practical" advice. Our world, my friends, is full of philistines who despise anything that is not like them. Hide your beautiful life from the philistines. Walk in public very ordinarily and do things very ordinarily, do not impose yourself on "the Public," and the philistinism will not see you and will not tire you. I am thinking now of something quite different from the honest, open-hearted street mischief: sticking out your tongue, calling out, or something like that. That is still done by the least objectionable of the philistines; it can still be amusing in its innocent brutality. But you also know this: that thoughts and wishes are in themselves realities, realities that do something. Let the small hate of the little people not waft around you like a foul-smelling vapor. Their sick little hate is there when they see you and recognize you as not part of their business. Their sick little hate is there, and reaches you, even though they don't dare stick their tongues out as cheerfully as rude kids. Come, do not show yourself to philistines unless for good reasons! Suffering can be very beautiful, tragic suffering is always beautiful, but suffering, becoming tired, and unpleasantly wandering through the world for... no one, that is foolish, that is a waste of beautiful energies. Perhaps you accuse me of cowardice. But think about this carefully: the greatest courage does not like to show itself in public, because it is willing to suffer, but does not wish to be sullied.

Finally, physical mysticism is often confused with occultism .... Now, not all occultism can be unconditionally condemned. Abilities and phenomena such as clairvoyance, telepathy, etc., are certainly worth serious investigation and reflection. The study of such mysterious

abilities and phenomena certainly has the right to exist, and nothing prevents this study from being called "occult study" or "occultism." As long as this occultism does not claim to be anything other than science or practical help for people, there is certainly nothing wrong with it. The "occultist" can also be someone who, out of deep affection for their dearly departed, seeks means to communicate with them. In that case, there is nothing inherently wrong. But when such occultism presents itself as something sacred, something specifically religious, something mystical, we are dealing with counterfeit. The serious occultist is a scientific person who must present himself scientifically, but if he adopts the manner of a prophet and plays priest, he is either very naïve or an ambitious charlatan, eager for the incense of kneeling people.

The clairvoyant power of the mystic has nothing to do with clairvoyance or "exact experiments" of occultists. [1] The occultist may know more facts than others, through immediate observation or through serious study. More, I say, quantitatively more. For example, he may see spirit materializations or scientifically establish things that others cannot. But although the quantity of observable beings for the occultist is greater than for the non-occultist, the quality of his perceptive ability is not more noble than that of other people. His perception may be sharper and more comprehensive, but not more humanly noble. The occultist, as such, sees,

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1) The question of whether "clairvoyance" really exists can be left open here. For my part, I believe that there are "clairvoyants."

just like the non-occultist, external things; but he is not moved by the intrinsic nature of the realities themselves, which can only be seen as one with the Life of the one Universe. Quite differently, the mystic. The quantity of things that are perceivable does not need to be greater for the mystic than for the non-mystic. But the quality of his perception is necessarily different. Even if the mystic sees and contemplates only one being, one ordinary being visible to everyone, one flower, one tree, one person, he is moved by the divine Universe-life that lives in that being. Therefore, through his deep-sightedness, through his psychic taste, by which he "tastes" the divine, he must be more humanly noble than the non-mystic. The mystic sees that incomprehensible but sensibly perceivable natural realm, of which Meister Eckhart says: "Here, all the blades of grass, wood, and stone, and all things are one. This is the highest, and I have given all my love to it." (From nature). The contemplation of that realm of nature where all beings are one living unity is human happiness. From it arises all inspiration, all human nobility.

Just as the mystical perception is, the mystical bodily power, of which we read examples in the lives of the "saints," can also be distinguished from occultism. If the occultist performs remarkable healings or something similar, he can do so because he knows some natural laws and can make use of them, which other people do not know or cannot apply. But his knowledge and ability are just as sacred as the knowledge and ability of, for example, an ordinary doctor who knows and can use the effect of a regular medicine. The "miracle," however, of the "saints"

is something entirely different. The natural power of the bodily mystic is not a more or less precisely known force, but the high intensity of inspiration. The bodily mystic does not "use" natural forces like the occultist, but the natural force "flows from him" from his entire being as such. The All-Life inspires him greatly, and therefore, creative power flows from him naturally. In his whole body, the divine lives strongly, just as the divine lives in an almost perfect work of art. And just as that artwork naturally moves the feeling person, the bodily mystic works naturally, just by his presence alone, on the body of those who can experience his mystical power, who believe in him, livingly. But the body of the mystic will work much stronger on the person than the artwork, because the mystic and the believer in him are entirely similar beings.

Here is a clear example of mystical bodily power:

"And a woman, who had had a flow of blood for twelve years, which had cost her all her livelihood in the hands of physicians, and could not be healed by anyone, came from behind and touched the border of His garment; and immediately her flow of blood stopped...

And Jesus said, 'Someone has touched Me, for I perceive that power has gone out from Me.' " (Luke 8:43, 44, 46).

Whether this story is literally true is not the issue here. It offers an excellent example to clarify a concept. If a "holy," "religious" miracle is possible, it must happen in this way, in greater or lesser intensity.

And here, too, the essential characteristic of all

mysticism is clearly recognizable: emotional humility. Whoever feels the divine Life as Jesus does, whoever can trust in the divine Life as that woman does, certainly does not weary themselves in trying to be seen by the world as something "special."

VIII ASCETICISM AND MYSTICAL MORALITY

I said that happiness, the brave-humbling happiness, is naturally called to be the architect of our life concepts. I described happiness as, among other things, the vision of the natural realm where all beings are one living unity.

But "vision" is sensory, and is it really true that happiness is something sensory?

If you have ever loved, you will say yes. Is it not true, when you felt yourself completely merged with the beloved, that you saw face to face something unspeakable, that laughed at all separations, that knew no division of space and no division of time? Was not the smallest piece of land a whole earth, and the whole earth but one small spot? And was not the briefest moment an eternity, and the whole eternity just one moment of bliss? That was happiness, was it not, known only through personal experience.

That happiness was something sensory; it rejoiced in your blood and nerves, it radiated through your face, it formed your flesh into new, youthful beauty, it ennobled your organs into the vision of Life, the Mystery itself. – Much has been said about sensuality; sensual love has been vilified

as base animality and cruel vampire lust. Who has spoken thus? Not those who have known that happiness. They continue to gaze gratefully into the beloved eyes, those eyes that once stared into eternity with them, and if their happiness has died, they still honor that happiness, as one honors a saintly dead. If someone is so quick to call all sensual pleasure a deception and baseness, ask them if they have ever known the joy of love. If they dare to say yes, you will see in their gaze the shy flicker of a lie or the fading gleam of envy.

I say this to be clear. Now that I have dared to express it: happiness is contemplation, the reader must say: then all happiness is sensual emotion, and so-called "Platonic" happiness does not exist. I hope the reader now asks: And what about the contemplative mysticism? Surely, even the most purely contemplative mysticism thrives on sensual emotion. Pay close attention to the distinction between a philosopher and a contemplative mystic:

Both the philosopher and the contemplative mystic find their material of expression in concepts, but in the mystic, concepts live as unity, while in the philosopher, they only have order. The life of contemplative mystical work is faith in the unity of all concepts, so strong that within it the unity of all concepts and the sensuality from which they arise become sensually perceivable. The content of contemplative mystical work is a deeply felt unity of all concepts in one sensual thrill, in which all separate sensualities of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch die as separation, in order to take shape from one sensory ecstasy. From that sensual belief in unity, which is both feeling and thought in one, the mystic causes his concepts to bloom from within, just as the fibers of a flower grow from within the earth and seed.

In a philosopher, only the order of concepts is revealed. He arranges concepts that fit together, "explains" and "puts them together," and says, "See how everything fits." But the philosopher does not speak of the unity of concepts, so entirely one, that they also testify to their truth in sensual unity. He knows only intelligibility, which is nothing but resting order that would become chaos with emotional sensory life.

For example, a philosopher might say, "True love is magnanimous." He calls this thought a truth that he has to explain and put together again. And once he has analyzed and reassembled that truth as completely as possible, in an orderly, calm manner, without the slightest emotional involvement, he has completed his task as a philosopher.

The mystic, however, also says, "True love is magnanimous," but immediately that truth begins to live through the inspiration that laughs and weeps in his heart: "Who loves as I do is blind and deaf because they see further and listen to other spheres than unmoved people. Who loves as I do, loves not the words, the deeds, or the existence of the beloved. I love him, my beloved, him alone, the one who remains the same through all the years and sorrows that pass.... What I love is you yourself, you alone, and nothing can change in you except what causes my love to grow. What I cherish is whole in you, and you are whole and all that I love. I hear that, I listen to it without ceasing, I love it, always..." (Maeterlinck-Joyzelle).

Do you see the distinction between the philosopher and the contemplative mystic? Yes, the contemplative mysticism is also sensual; it thrives on human-sensual emotion. Maeterlinck expresses thoughts here, just as a philosopher would; he is also clear, much like a philosopher. But he is not sober; and that is what a philosopher, as such, truly is.

Until recently, I could not find a satisfactory solution to the contradiction I thought I saw between the "control of the senses" as described by mystics and the decidedly sensual nature of mysticism. Mystics often say that we must "kill the senses," and many mystics severely punish their bodies with relentless strictness. Yet, it cannot be denied that very strong sensory emotion lives in all mysticism. How can this be reconciled?

Where the mystic controls his senses, he strives to be the master, not the slave, of his passions. But it is not true that he controls his senses in the way those generally known as ascetics do. I understand the word "asceticism" in the commonly accepted sense of controlling sensual emotion with the goal of making the emotion of pleasure disappear. Well, such asceticism is entirely foreign to mysticism. Certainly, the mystic does control his desires; he does not let himself be blindly swept away by his passions. However, he does this not to become less emotional but to refine his sensual excitement. He does this not because he finds anything that hints at desire less humanly worthy but because he is in love and respects his eroticism, his deep eroticism. The mystic lives in the sensual emotion that only lovers know, namely the emotion in which a person jubilantly perceives that life is a blessing simply because life is. The mystic is in love, i.e., he lives in creative beauty contemplation, and, like any truly in-love person, he finds any sensory pleasure that is not love excitement or creative beauty contemplation very repulsive. Therefore, he flees from sensual pleasure; that is why he punishes his body when, despite his efforts, sensual sensation threatens to overwhelm him,

a sensation that is not love's stirring emotion. The control of the senses by the mystic is not a void of love, but a profound devotion to love.

The mystic's object of love is often only perceptible to him in the glorious form in which he loves it. Thus, Saint Francis of Assisi is in love with Nature, which he sees as his beloved bride, Poverty, in contrast to the nature-destroying ugliness of the world. Saint Teresa is in love with Jesus, whom she sees as her creator of beauty, just as any loving bride sees her lover. Ruysbroeck speaks in his *"The Jewel of the Spiritual Marriage"* about the union of the soul with Christ. This union is understood as a love affair and described in the details of a love affair. The lavish language and vivid, emotional style of Ruysbroeck show that he truly felt the emotion of sensual love while he was writing. The mystic is in love, even though his object of love may not be visible to everyone in the same way he sees it. Is it not entirely natural for him to control his senses out of love-faithfulness? Is it not natural that he finds all sensual pleasure, which is not love's pleasure, revolting, to the point of cruelty? And is it not equally natural that he is not an ascetic, who wants to kill all emotional, human love-feelings within himself – but on the contrary, he feels the full abundance of sensual love?

Thus, here are two lines of behavior for mystical purity of love:

1. Honor all sensual pleasure that is love's pleasure, and
2. Avoid all sensual pleasure that is not love's pleasure, as soon as it interferes with the sexual life, which is naturally called to be a life of love.

Against the first rule, asceticism sins. The ascetic controls his senses by allowing them to starve,

thus making them very tame. That is quite "practical." The ascetic thereby avoids all the love-tragedy, which may be divinely beautiful but is very burdensome for life-averse people. However, no matter how "practical" it may be, asceticism is repugnant to anyone who knows human love through experience.

Against the second rule, all those who allow themselves sexual pleasure without mystical love-happiness sin.

The mystical behavioral lines are true life morality. For, anyone who applies these theoretically simple prescriptions cultivates within themselves the psychic power of their own human life, as well as the one human happiness: mystical love. This remains true, even if they never encounter a love object visible to all. For our love object is, properly considered, never a particular human individual. Our love object is the one Life, which through our love itself becomes visible and awakened, for example, in a particular human individual. It remains invisible to all those who cannot awaken their own love object and call it into visibility.

All lovers know that their happiness is not just that mortal body they hold in their arms, but the gaze that body grants them into eternity. What they see, eye to eye, is a realm of nature, beyond all boundaries between good and evil, space and time. The beloved is nothing but a bright flame that illuminates this eternity. All who love know this. But they know even more: The eternal they see, lives. It is the living eternity, the divine in all its fullness, that lives in each particular individual, but is not bound by any particularity. Command this to your heart: respect for all the richness of love and discard all sexual pleasure

that is not love-pleasure. And if you are not too degenerated by asceticism or debauchery, you will experience that this mystical morality will reveal Life itself as your own love-object; then your senses will be nourished from within your own soul, and they will become the bearers of the love-flame that illuminates the eternal. Not all love-light is equally strong; but even if the love-light of a Francis of Assisi cannot penetrate your heart, you will still experience truly your own human happiness.

The ascetic chastity morality is, in essence, nothing but a morality of abstinence. It commands more or less strict "restriction." Ascetically chaste is he whose sensual enjoyment remains within the boundaries of a rationally defined realm. This morality is therefore negative. "Abstinence" is its first and last word.

The mystical chastity morality, on the other hand, acknowledges a living positive principle that fatigues, ennobles, and thus naturally keeps sensuality far from all that is repulsive. We can best describe this principle with the word, "inspiration." Naturally, it is not possible to explain what inspiration is to someone who does not somewhat know inspiration from experience. Essentially, inspiration in general-human sensuality is the same as the difference between a living painting and a dead, well-executed photograph. The truly religious person, who is always more or less a mystic, knows this inspiration, and it is delightful to see how the simple, religious people create this inspiration in their religious forms. A touching example of this has become visible to me in Catholicism, when no dry theology could close my eyes to the human beauty in the Catholic faith. I will mention this example because it so strikingly illustrates the difference between ascetic and mystical chastity morality.

The Catholic Church teaches that man comes into the world as sinful before God, i.e., contaminated by original sin. This sin is passed down from person to person, meaning that original sin is not an individual sin that arises from the newborn having personally violated some commandment, but rather a stain that is transmitted through human reproduction from one human to another. The human union has often been presented by the Church as the transmitter of original sin.[1)] According to official Church dogma, reproduction is somewhat less dignified. Abstinence in the sexual realm is, in itself, always better than living through sexuality. Perfect chastity = perfect abstinence.

However, in 1854, Pope Pius IX defined the "Immaculate Conception of Mary" as a dogma. The "Immaculate Conception" does not, as many non-Catholics believe, mean that Jesus was born without his mother having engaged in sexual union. The Church also teaches this, but that is a completely different doctrine, i.e., the Conception by the Holy Spirit. The "Immaculate Conception" refers to the belief that Mary was born of natural union between her parents but without being tainted by original sin. At the urging of the faithful Catholic people, this dogma was defined. The pope declared this teaching, at the request and with the approval of the entire Catholic world." Thus, the bull "Ineffabilis Deus" states, and indeed, it was so. The "Immaculate Conception" of Mary is, within the framework of Catholic dogmatics, not a creation of Church authority or theology, but a creation of the Catholic religious people, who believed in and wished to believe in the "Immaculate Conception." Deep in the faithful heart of the

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1) Concilium Milev. Can. 2; Conc. Araus. Can 2; Benedictus XII against the Armenians, etc. h)

simple Catholic people, there lived the awareness that human pairing in itself is not something less worthy of humanity, not something less perfect, that would only be excusable because man is "just" a man. In the Catholic person lived the belief that human pairing is a human act, enlivened by divine life, enlivened by divine grace. This belief in the enlivening of human sensual enjoyment is a belief of the new human. And it is a delightful thought to me that my own Mother Church awakened this belief in me when I could see her with naturally human eyes; truly a delightful thought that I now see the Mother Church celebrating a wedding of pure humanity, where theologians notice nothing more than a church guardian pronouncing anathema against anyone who wants to tamper with a dogmatic formula.

Chaste pairing is enlivened pairing—this is the mystical content of the "Immaculate Conception."

IX SOCIAL MEANING AND MYSTICAL MORALITY

The mystical morality is, in theory, very simple. In its application, however, it demands great psychological strength. It is no small thing to overcome the prejudices of rigid propriety, which sees in sensuality, especially in sensual love, only a human weakness that may be excused because man is "just" a human being. Nor is it a small thing to deny oneself as much as possible every sexual sensual impulse that is not a love-inspired emotion. Indeed, happiness is virtue, but true happiness demands great courage in suffering. Whoever does not dare to suffer for their happiness—both through themselves and through the world—is neither happy nor virtuous. True happiness demands the courage of a martyr. Whoever views the earth and all that is upon it merely as a convenient pleasure machine is a creature of enjoyment, but not a happy person, not a virtuous person.

The application of mystical morality requires psychological strength. This strength grows within us when we understand the social significance of mystical morality. It is always a great source of strength for non-trivial people to consider themselves

to be an active part of the deepest life of human society. There is no greater sorrow for a somewhat noble person than to feel: "I am, in truth, *superfluous* where true life unfolds". And there is no more encouraging joy than the awareness: "I *live*, for myself and for others."

The mystical morality is a social blessing, above all because it slowly but surely ennobles human union, thereby elevating humanity to greater perfection.

We all know it, even if we do not always dare admit it to ourselves: human union is profoundly, profoundly degenerate. From what are most people conceived? From passionate love? Alas, countless children carry through life the paralyzing curse of a loveless conception. People are conceived out of a craving for tenderness, out of fleeting pleasure, out of routine; some are even conceived out of boredom. But from inspired union, from passion, from love... barely one in ten. We all know this well, and I cannot imagine a single person on earth who, upon reflecting on it, would not find it utterly horrific.

People speak of poor societal conditions. But is it surprising that society is so wretched when, for the most part, it is composed of individuals who were not conceived out of love? Theories about societal structures and reforms are built from historical considerations. Yet we must not forget this one immense historical fact, a reality of both the past and our present: the fact that so few people are conceived in the rapture of erotic love.

It is indeed cause for sorrow when we reflect on this, especially because the world refuses to honestly acknowledge how our erotic relationships have been corrupted by

greed and vanity. "People" remain silent about this or whisper talentless witticisms.

But on the other hand, it is wonderful that it lies within each of our power to contribute to the ennoblement of humanity because we have an influence on the sensual life of humanity that remains inviolable as long as we will it. If we forcefully and strictly live out the mystical morality, it will become flesh and blood within us; naturally, it will then also spread among people, for it is too evidently true and too evidently beautiful to be suppressed indefinitely by the cowardice and repulsiveness that currently paralyze and degrade sexual life. In this way, anyone can be a blessing to humanity without doing anything "spectacular," and can proudly say to themselves: I do not live in vain.

This remains true even for those who may not experience the joy of offering their own beloved child to humanity. The psychological influence of mystical morality, which lives within the mystically pure person, spreads naturally like the light of a flame. After all, mystical morality, in contrast to ascetic morality, is a positive morality, a positive emotion, a positive force—and we know that no energy in the universe is ever lost. Even a childless person, if they live mystically pure, is a sexually creative person. While they may not be able to create children, they nevertheless create greater purity around them, to the benefit of the children of the future.

For those who mockingly say, "Why should I care about the future?" these words are not written. They are directed at noble-minded people who do not wish to die without having bestowed blessings. Noble people will draw strength from the knowledge that their life blesses the future.

These words are also not written for those who sneer: "Man is what he

eats." No matter how we may be oppressed by "social circumstances," the erotic power remains the great reshaping power in humanity. Yes, the only reshaping power. Only in it still smolders Love and Hatred, and as long as Nature is still reshaped by Love and Hatred, she is the Mother of new humanity.

The mystical morality also has great social significance for the present.

There are countless people who feel very strongly that they can only be happy in the company of kindred spirits. However, they often despair of being able to find such kindred spirits, as they have often been disappointed by people.

But I would like to ask them: have you ever done anything to make your soul known? How will your kindred spirits recognize your soul if it is unknowable? As long as your soul is connected to this body of yours, with these words and ideas of yours, it must also, at least in normal cases, be made known through your body, through your words, through your ideas. It must shine through its covering. How else could your kindred spirits see it?

Your soul must shine through its covering. The soul does not reveal itself through what one says or does, but through a mysterious yet very clearly perceptible appearance in the way one says or does something. A hundred times you will have already experienced it: the same words that you find sympathetic in the mouth of one person are antipathic in the mouth of another. The same actions that you find sympathetic in one person are antipathic in another. This happens because behind the covering of these outward things, something shines through that you find sympathetic or antipathic. That "something" is the soul; the soul that

you recognize or whose nature you begin to suspect.

Now, the activity of the mystical morality is the activity of your soul; the life of mystical morality is psychic life communicating itself to your body, your words, your ideas. Through mystical morality, your soul is expressed in all its coverings, until those coverings become its expression, the form of its power.

Thus, a psychic magnetic force arises in you, initially weak and uncertain, but steadily growing, until it naturally gathers soulmates around you. This will surely make you happier. You and others, for joy in life is contagious. And finally, your happiness will be full enough to love all soul growth powerfully, to hate everything that obstructs soul growth, and to transform all other minor emotions, such as envy and vanity, into great human emotion. Calmly certain and openly honest will be your hate and love, great in silent strength.

This is the artist's gift of every living soul: it shapes its senses and everything around it into its own image, greeting all those who are one in soul with it.

And this is the living purity of body, words, and thoughts, that they become artistic material for the shaping soul.

The glorious fate of the soul that is an artist in all the material that surrounds it!

Proud is that happy soul, for it is called, naturally called, to be glorious in its work of beauty.

Humble is that happy soul, for it realizes that it has never wrought enough beauty in the artistic material entrusted to it.

Living-still strength it awakens in its body and mind. And living silence it transforms around it,

which is clearer than all words can speak. A silence like that which swirls in devout organ tones, a silence like that which prays in the high vaults of cathedrals, a silence like that which is enamored in the gazes of lovers, a silence like that which dreams in the woods. A temple is its silence, in which rises blue incense, a fragrant greeting of holy purity.

She seeks no love. But inscrutable love must she find. She will be wondrously joyful when she perceives a new kinship. Then she smiles blissfully inquisitive, like a child that recognizes its mother for the first time.

All of this is empty fantasy for those who do not know "inspiration" by experience, or at least suspect its nature. How long will people continue to confuse the soul with the mind, which reasons and calculates, and sometimes reasons and calculates vigorously, but lacks the imaginative capacity in body and thoughts? Conceptual kinship is still regarded as something very important. But soul kinship, harmony in the shaping of body or thoughts... Ask those who worship a "soul marriage" what they really understand by soul unity. Most will tell you something like: agreement in conviction, in principles, in character, etc. They do not think of something like harmonious shaping in body or thoughts.

Let the philosopher Nietzsche be their example. Nietzsche could certainly "reason," but the shaping of thoughts is infinitely more valuable to him because it shows, much more clearly than reasoning, the truth that lives within humans. Nietzsche calls his royal thinker Zarathustra, after the Persian thinker, who was more an opponent in "conviction" than a kin in "spirit." Why does Nietzsche name his

hero after one who is not his intellectual kin? Because Nietzsche feels, beyond all differences in mere intellectual "conviction," a deeper life in his opponent, the life of the soul. He feels soul kinship with his opponent in mere intellectual "conviction," and that soul kinship is most precious to him, because the soul is most precious to him above all. He feels creative power in that Persian, one with the creative power that lives in his own soul. Therefore, both are kindred souls, teaching humanity in their pure thought-images: living morality.

But I ask you, do not think, when I speak of thought-images, of figurative expressions that stand outside of thought and serve only to clarify or illustrate the thought externally. A living thought-image is the thought itself, which grows from the life of the soul just as a flower grows from the life of the earth. The formed thought is obedient to the soul, just as the flower is obedient to the earth. Therefore, it is created in the image and likeness of the soul. No kindred soul will pass by it without being touched by its fragrance. And so is the fragrance of all souls' flowers: calm, sure, open, honest, and great in silent strength.

X NEW LOVE

In every religious revival, people feel with new clarity and new strength that the essence, the true life of all faith, can be no more rightly and warmly named than: love.

And therefore, every revival of religion is accompanied by a deepening of people's understanding of love. The new humans of all times realize that they must not only take love more seriously in their practice, which all theoretically hold as the most wonderful human life, but they also know that their understanding of love itself must be revised and reshaped. When Jesus, for example, spread the revival of religion in his time, he revised and reshaped people's understanding of love by awakening their awareness that their love for their fellow beings must be an outpouring of their sense of unity with the creative deity. A person had to feel themselves as a "child of God" and therefore love all people as their brothers and sisters. And when in the Middle Ages the Catholic people created legends as living testimonies of their religious revival, that people revised and reshaped, against the official church doctrine, with unconscious wisdom, their

understanding of love by venerating Mary alongside God. God, Love, was thus grounded in a human-feminine form; love acquired, through that popular creation, something sensually tender, something feminine, which previously was foreign to its strict majesty.

And now, in our time of religious revival, it is once again the task of the new humans to make it clear to themselves how the concept of love is beginning to be revised and reshaped.

Bold and proud, Nietzsche, in the name of the growing new humanity, has expressed the deepening of the concept of love for our time: "Woe to all who love, if they have not reached a height that surpasses their compassion." [1] Love lives outside and above all compassion. That is the trumpet blast, announcing the birth of the new concept of love, to the fright and awakening, and to the anger of many. It is a trumpet blast, bold and strong. But, in the rapture of the glorious vision of new love, Nietzsche does not consider clarifying the different concepts of "compassion" and "love," clearly and calmly, so that every thinking person who wishes to understand can understand. I will attempt to explain these concepts. I am fully aware that in doing so, I am touching upon the very essence of the new religion, and I feel the obligation to speak conscientiously and as clearly as possible. But for that reason, I also have the right to expect openness from the readers to whom I write. Let them not too quickly judge with the easy verdict: such love is not love, but merciless cruelty.

When the new person of our time thinks of "love," they consciously or unconsciously also think of creative

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1) Thus spoke Zarathustra. Second part: On the Compassionate.

drive. Goodness without creative drive feels to him like "friendship," "philanthropy," "benevolence," or something similar, but not as true, all-encompassing love. Now, without being able to precisely say what "creating" is, we all know that in compassion, as such, no creative drive exists. Compassion only wants to ease suffering; it wants to comfort and help. Compassion, as such, creates nothing—no new being, no new life, no happiness in an already existing being. Life’s reality teaches us that people who have compassion for us when we suffer often envy us once we are happy. Such people, therefore, should certainly not be called co-creators simply because they are "compassionate." Compassion is not a creative force and therefore something different from living love.

Now, think carefully about this concept: "to create." To create is not just to produce something, to make something. To create is to bring something forth from one's innermost life. A worker who makes an object according to a model presented to him, following as faithfully as possible the instructions of this model that was not born from within him, is a producer but not a creator. The artist, however, who brings forth a painting, a poem, or whatever it may be, from the stirring of his innermost life, such that color, sound, or whatever material it may be, conforms to his deepest life’s shudder, which must express itself because it must express itself—the artist is a creator. Just as the artist creates, love creates. Yes, all human creative drive, at its core, is love. The one who loves alone feels in joyful life and creative desire stirred by the one Life Force itself, which governs, arranges, and inspires the universe, entirely from within. Only love is the creative power.

But I beg you, do not confuse the creation of love with the act of sexual reproduction. Certainly, that act *can* be creation, and it is creation when it rises from the innermost life of loving people. However, if it is merely an external act of life, it is not a creative act but merely reproduction. It is also by no means necessary for the creative process to always bring something forth outside of the creator's person. When a person becomes a creator through love, he first re-creates himself; he himself becomes first a re-created person; his body and mind, everything that lives around his soul, becomes animated and re-created to a higher life. Only then is the work that flows from the person his creation, when love has first re-created him.

Love is creative drive; without creative drive, there is no love—thus believes the living new person of our time. And therefore, he understands that non-creating compassion is essentially something different from love.

This does not mean that compassion is to be condemned absolutely [1)]. But it is wrong to confuse compassion with love, the noblest sense of unity that can animate a person. Many people in our time not only approve of compassion, but they want all human greatness to blossom only from compassion. A more terrible error is inconceivable. It creeps into the noblest hearts, slowly paralyzing their creative power, surrendering them to the sly envy of mass people, bound together into a foolish force that saps in sterile heaviness: just push me away if

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1) There is an essential difference between compassion and empathy. I will return to this in the next chapter.

you can, you wouldn't dare hurt me. The strongest person is often the least resistant to this, for it is precisely the strongest who is the most clumsy in "pushing."

Compassion, in itself, is something different from love. When compassion falsely claims to be love, it becomes an enemy of love. Compassion that falsely adorns itself with the name "love" does not believe in the creative sense of unity as a far superior force to compassion. Woe to those who love, if they have not reached a height that transcends their compassion! For the sterile ones, with their foolish power and their cunning, will suffocate or poison their love. It is indeed true that love only lives in suffering, for love creates, and all creation has its labor pains. But it is not true that love lives in compassion. Yes, love's flowers are nourished by the dew of soul tears, but not by tears of compassion. The tragic tears are always shed by a person who loves, for then they feel themselves in the presence of their Destiny, filled with the greatness of their God, who seems so cruel because He is so strong. But the soul's pain, born of love and nourished by love, is joyful pain, joyful in the promise of new wonders. Compassion does not know that joy of suffering. Only love knows the sweetness of suffering.

Compassion in itself is something different from love. But when compassion begs for love, it again becomes an enemy of love, because it then misjudges an essential characteristic of love: its absolute spontaneity. Never try to evoke love through compassion, for love that is begged for is not love. Whoever loves out of pity does not truly love. And infinitely more blessed it will be for you to love, fully aware that no reciprocal love is to be found from certain people,

than to have your love receive the charity of love expressed out of compassion. May your love never bend under the humiliation inflicted by one who lies about love out of pity. Love gladly endures suffering, but it is proud, as is all that dares to suffer. Humiliation is its only hated pain. It will avenge it terribly. It despises all humiliation and, therefore, casts into loathsome filth anyone who tolerates such humiliation. The natural revenge of humiliated love is ugly debauchery. Even if a person never encounters anyone with whom they can live a common human love life, they are strong enough to remain pure, as long as they remain proud before themselves. But if they allow their love to be humiliated, and it is by a gift of pity, they will seek to avenge this sacrilege by showing him, in his very flesh and blood, how vile a human can become. And love is powerful even in her revenge. Terrible it is to fight against her vengeance.

I hope you now ask: Can a person do nothing to love or to be loved? This is a moving question, one that burns in the hearts of countless people. And it is touching to see how diligently churches, movements, and associations of all kinds try to answer this question by preaching love, by urging people to love. But love cannot be forced, nor pressed, nor begged for. Love wants to be spontaneous, and it can only be spontaneous. Love out of duty, or out of anything resembling force or coercion, is not love. We all know this very well. We are all convinced that only truly spontaneous love is real love. But we often dare not admit it to ourselves. Ah,

let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that we love or are loved. Life will inevitably, sooner or later, uncover any falsehood in love. Let us clearly distinguish our feelings. He who can honestly say to themselves: 'Rather no display of love than false love,' is already on the path to Life itself, which is so full of creative love.

Compassion we feel for those who suffer without grace.

Respect, for everything we recognize as greater than ourselves.

Fear, for forces we do not understand.

Trust, in forces we do. But love, we feel for beauty, and beauty alone. Only beauty can attune our soul so deeply to the Life Force that it allows spontaneous, free, and genuine love to grow within us. All acts of goodness, sacrifice, helpfulness, or similar virtues may nurture loyal, heartfelt friendship, but they do not create love. Beauty, however, we love whether we want to or not. If you desire love, seek beauty, and when you find beauty, love will naturally bloom.

The true apostles of love, therefore, are the apostles of beauty—the creators of beauty: artists and mystics, particularly mystics and those artists who uncover beauty in the simplest of realities.

Such apostles surely live in our time, now that art can free itself from all forms of deliberate extraordinariness.

They are painters who no longer seek inspiration in intense exceptional passions or bloody battle scenes but instead recreate the simplest things with reverent devotion on their canvases: land,

sea, sky, and people devoid of pomp or imposing stature.

They are poets who no longer rattle off loud words of extraordinary excitement but instead express, through tender yet powerful emotions of the soul, the enduring beauty found in simplicity.

They are dancers, yes, dancers too, who no longer degrade themselves to amuse the frivolous but instead reveal to us the rhythm of pure, human passion.

Above all, they are mystics - for this is precisely what distinguishes mystics from other artists: they understand better than others how simple beauty truly is. That is why they so surely and strongly abhor everything that tries to embellish simple beauty: the ostentation of religious rituals, the clamor of sensationalist art, or the empty conventions of societal propriety. Mystics tear open the heavy curtains of contrived and mysterious dogma, revealing how simple, natural, and serenely beautiful the truths behind those curtains are. They disdain all affectation in human interactions. Their art becomes absolute life-art - art stripped of any artificiality, essentially ceasing to be "art" and transforming into life's pure beauty itself.

There is one beauty we all possess and can discover if we steadfastly and persistently seek it: the beauty of our human souls. Our souls are our truest beauty, the most universally human beauty as well. Every human soul is beautiful and sacred when it reveals itself in all its nakedness, stripped of the incidental feelings imposed upon it by circumstances. There are many ugly feelings that surround our souls. But our souls themselves are

beautiful in their sacred nakedness of the soul. When it comes to our spiritual lives, we have but one right and one duty: to learn to see ourselves and each other.

Now, in theory, it is very simple, but in practice, it is exceedingly difficult to reveal one's soul to oneself or to others. The soul cannot be "explained." It can only be expressed. How this is possible, I have already mentioned while speaking of mystical chastity. Those who follow the precepts of the mystical chastity ethic automatically make all that surrounds their soul—body, mind, words, gestures, and so forth—submissive to the expressive power of the soul. And once our beautiful soul is able to exercise its expressive power, because it has found compliant material around it, it signals to kindred souls. In the presence of these kindred souls, its sense of shame gradually fades, and it begins to open itself fully and consciously to one who is willing and able to know it. Thus, through the practice of mystical chastity, a small community of souls gradually emerges from within, souls who see through each other and therefore must love each other. From this small community, a larger one slowly grows from within.

This is the soul's development within the great heart of humanity: the steady, natural growth of love.

XI NEW STRUGGLE

Most people who, in our day, think and work toward the liberation of humanity view the struggle faced by the new humans of today as a "class struggle," and they expect the coming salvation to arise from the resolution of this "class struggle" in favor of the disadvantaged. It cannot be denied that the class struggle in question truly exists. It is a historical fact that the worker has been separated from the means of production necessary to produce their work, and it naturally follows that the worker, as a worker, will want to fight to gain direct or indirect control over those means of production. However, it is a grave mistake to preach this class struggle as a conflict of person against person, as though the human worker must be the natural enemy of the human who owns the means of production, or the money to purchase such means. Certainly, the class struggle exists, but in its natural necessity, it is not inherently a struggle of person against person. I say this not at all to disapprove of all conflicts between individuals. No, in our time, there is also a struggle of person against person, and that struggle exists and must continue to exist,

however, it is a completely different and far more significant struggle than the class struggle.

The struggle of the new human in our time is not a class struggle but a struggle of the soul. A soul struggle—a battle between new, creative individuals and old, sterile ones. A moral struggle—a conflict between new moral values and old moral determinations. A soul struggle—a fight between the new human, who creates entirely new standards of "good" and "evil," and the old human, who clings to traditional interpretations of good and evil.

The old humans are represented among both workers and capitalists, and the new humans are as well. This soul struggle divides humanity far more deeply and internally than the class struggle. It is a battle of life and death—a struggle for life and against death.

The old humans fight with venomous envy; they are jealous of the life and vitality of the new human. Those who truly wish to be new humans must fight with ... compassion. Do not confuse compassion with pity. Pity "suffers along," seeking to alleviate suffering and, if possible, eliminate it. Compassion, however, perceives the tragic necessity, the inescapable fate, of suffering. Compassion acknowledges suffering as a necessary element of human transcendence. Compassion, therefore, does not seek above all to "ease" suffering but to transform and beautify it from within. Compassion "endures with," accepting suffering yet embracing it with strength and creative, beautifying force.

Let us carefully compare the old human with the new. Then we will understand why the new human must struggle with compassion.

Old humans—who are the old humans in our time?

They are not the "bourgeois satisfaits," the self-satisfied ones whose highest ambition is a neat home, a lovely family, pleasant outings, and a respectable "reputation." The world is full of these "contented ones," and they certainly hinder the new human. But they do not "fight." They are merely bothersome, exhaustingly bothersome. For their contentment, in all its rigidity, is so noisily busy with small, irritating little feelings. Nothing is more foreign to them than genuine struggle; they merely "pester"—and if the new human lacks a personal temple of protective silence, they will wear them down through sheer prosaic exhaustion.

But the "fighters" against the new human, the true "enemies" of new life, exist even outside neat homes, loving families, pleasant outings, and even, when necessary, outside respectable reputations. They have their "ideals" and their "morality," which they defend tooth and nail. They also live, but theirs is a stubborn life, one that is inwardly almost dead yet outwardly refuses to disappear, for it fears death and envies all that does not have to fear death.

Once again then: who are the old humans of our time? What old attitudes toward life do they cling to desperately, even though life has long since fled from them?

You are surely familiar with how orthodox Christianity interprets the "fall of Adam and Eve" as told in the Paradise story. That sin entered nature against God's will. God's plan had been thwarted by humanity. Therefore, the angry, supernatural God cursed natural humanity. Like a hereditary disease, that curse was now passed on to all human children. And the entire natural world outside humanity

also degenerated under that curse. The earth, which was meant to offer humanity nothing but beauty and happiness, turned against him and brought forth thistles and thorns. Henceforth, man would eat his daily bread only by toiling amidst worry and fear, wresting scant enjoyment from the corrupted nature. For centuries, orthodoxy preached this curse upon nature because it felt nothing of the natural psychological truth that lives in the human command: "Dust you are, and to dust you shall return." It despised, for centuries, the material world as degenerate nature that could only be redeemed by the supernatural. It is obvious which human sentiment is closely tied to the belief of that old orthodoxy. It is the feeling of moral shame over our (corrupted, after all!) human nature. That moral sense of shame is one with orthodoxy, and that feeling was beautiful and fresh for a childlike humanity. But everywhere, we find people who have long outgrown that childishness yet artificially cultivate, nurture, and feign that old sense of shame, driven by no other motive than fear of understanding natural reality. These are the true "old" people: those of artificial shame. They are the combatants against the new human, the enemies who hate new life. They may dare to think about abstractions detached from warm life; they may dare to reason intellectually about "social conditions" to regulate them more rationally. But they do not dare to see life as it is, internally and externally. For instance, how afraid they were of Emile Zola! It is absolutely not my intention here to assess Zola's work from a literary perspective, and I am more than willing to concede that his realism is no longer the realism of

our time. But Zola has been a pioneer in the struggle against all artificial feelings of shame. He tore away outdated coverings around human life, he scorned in his best work all side-path reasoning and showed life as it is. The fear of the "old" people for Zola is so natural. They are afraid of anyone who, out of love for the one, true Mystery of Life, despises all manufactured mystery.

Against all old shame, the new human lives his open humanity.

He is free from all shame about natural soul-life. In him is reborn the shame-free innocence of the playing child.

Indeed, he is "withdrawn" when he must be shown where all human nature is lied away behind busy adornments.

Then the old envy watches him and says, "See how shy he is: he has something mean to hide." But the delicate shyness of the new human is not shame. It is the thoughtfulness of one who treads on enemy ground.

That thoughtfulness is good and holy. It grows into pure reflection of lived thoughts, and then it is the struggle itself of the new human.

Then it is the natural fire within him, quiet and certain like the fire that glows in the Earth and sometimes erupts from mountains, invincibly strong.

Then it is the Stirring in the heart of the Earth, quiet and certain Stirring, that gestures outward when the time is fulfilled, breaking old forms and creating new ones.

Then it is the ongoing act of the one Life itself, patient because it is eternal, and mighty in time.

After these reflections, it follows that the truly new human is filled with deep compassion. His struggle is not political rivalry, class friction, or national turmoil, but a struggle of the deepest humanity. In this struggle, the new human does not do much or debate much, but much is destroyed and reformed in a quiet, fateful manner. The struggle of the new human is ultimately nothing other than the creation of new thoughts, which first hover over the heads of people like a powerful mood, then take hold in hearts, and finally sharpen into a new worldview. The complaint of the defenders of old thoughts, that "the new thoughts are in the air" and therefore cannot be touched by sermons, debates, or other active opposition, is not unfounded, but they mysteriously and silently penetrate into heads and hearts. The truly new human is deeply moved by this complaint because he hears it as a cry of pain from an enemy, with whom he fights compassionately because he must. He loves all humanity, he hates only what prevents people from being honest thinkers and honest feelers. But his hatred is as real as his love. Without saying or doing much, he relentlessly attacks the heart of all old illusions. It does hurt him when intimate humanity must suffer under it, but that pain is not a contemptuous pity, it is ennobling compassion. The new human tolerates, tolerates with all people what all people must tolerate: that life does not create without first destroying.

It is inherent in the nature of the matter that the old worldview wants to see more moral natural shame in women than in men. After all, the woman

is, more evidently than the man, a piece of objectively depicted nature, according to the old orthodoxy, a piece of corrupted nature. Therefore, according to the old moral standards, especially the woman must be virtuous and artificially unnatural. She must not love naturally; she must be more than the man, adorned and refined. She must be more than the man absorbed in soulless everyday trivialities, which are not worthy of human love.

But the new human demands a more tangible shame-free freedom from the new woman than from the new man, precisely because the woman is more a piece of objectively depicted nature. In the contemporary struggle of the soul, the man is to nourish the life of thought (for to nourish is his role as a man), and the woman is to actualize the life of thought in material depiction (for to depict the fertilization of the man in material reality is her role as a woman).

It is so natural that new, truly life-giving thoughts are received and spread more visibly by women than by men. It is, after all, so natural that the woman embodies what springs from the man. And it shows a lack of insight or malicious intent to mock a thought simply because it is especially received and spread by women. Is not the woman by nature the receiver and the one who gives birth, and the man by nature the giver, the fertilizer? It is also all too easy to immediately dismiss a woman's embodiment of thought as "hysteria." The "hysteria" has practically taken the place of the "devil." Thoughts that an orthodox person finds incomprehensible and troublesome are "declared" to be the work of the devil, because they wish them to be associated with the devil. Thoughts that a modern person finds incomprehensible and troublesome are all too gladly "declared" to be expressions of hysteria, while hysteria for him is as clear as the devil is for the

orthodox. But the modern person wishes to "label" such thoughts as hysteria, and so often the wish is the mother of an explanation. Devil and hysteria! Two wonderfully practical repositories for misunderstood, troublesome thoughts.

But the truly new woman laughs at both the devil and hysteria. The new woman is the feminine person who dares to be entirely woman, not just a mother, but a woman, because only by being entirely woman can she be entirely human.

The woman who hates with great hatred all that adorns her womanhood with solemn unnaturalness,

The woman whose soul loves with a creative longing,

The woman who has compassion for everything that cannot love,

That woman is a mother, whether she brings a child into the world or not.

For new humanity vibrates from her and quietly and invisibly nurtures the new love.

Even if her womb does not give birth, her entire life gives birth to the future, in which the new humanity will reign.

XII NEW RELIGION

The new people of all times are mainly characterized by their new religion.

I use the word religion because no other word expresses what I want to say as accurately. Indeed, although powerful "mysticism" or "religion" can also manifest outwardly, the words mysticism and religion usually lead one to think narrowly of inner emotion alone. But religion speaks of the unity of inner religious emotion and the outward manifestation of that emotion. [1] Well, the new human creates

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1) It is grammatically incorrect, when determining the pure meaning of the Dutch word "godsdienst," to only focus on the word analysis ("God" and "dienst"), and thereby say: "Godsdienst" means the "service" of "God." Word analysis can often help us in determining the correct meaning of a word, but the final decision must be left to the living language use, and especially to thoughtful, living language use. Now, in living language usage, the word "Godsdienst" does not exclusively mean "service" of "God," but rather refers to all outwardly perceivable reality in which mystical emotion appears. Thus, for example, we correctly speak of the "religious practices" of Buddhists, even though we know very well that Buddhism does not worship or serve "God."

a new religion: new religious emotion, embodying itself in new, outwardly perceivable realities. In our time, those outward realities are not new "rituals" or "ceremonies," but the outward life of the new humans: their new morals.

We would misunderstand human nature if we denied that every renewal of humanity means a revival of religion. However, a true revival of religion is not the result of intellectual criticism, which can only "modernize" religion. A new religion is born through the appearance or discovery of a new religious reality, a sensually perceptible reality that speaks to the souls of humans and instills in them religious reverence.

In our Western civilization, I see three realities of religious renewing power.

The first is the personality of Jesus.

I do not ask whether Jesus "actually" existed, but whether he was a reality, a concrete, living reality. And undoubtedly, he was, even if he had never been a "fact." The love for Jesus' personality was the renewal of religion at the beginning of our era, and this love was certainly not an abstract reflection or vague feeling, but a very definite emotion for a very definite personality, whose existence the first Christians could not even doubt. Their religion was a Jesus-centered religion of love.

The second religious reality is the popular Catholicism of the Middle Ages. Popular Catholicism was so deeply alive in many particularly gifted, simple pious individuals at the time, that we still recognize this life with piety in their legends, especially in the Marian legends. If the power of Jesus' personality

had made people realize that love resides in every person who lives in the consciousness of God, the veneration of Mary in the Middle Ages awakened the insight that the consciousness of God in the human being is a sensual emotion. This insight was a radical renewal of the concept of love and created a renewal of religion: it transformed from a Jesus-centered religion of love to a mystical nature worship.

The third religious reality is beginning to reveal itself to humanity. It is not a separate human being of extraordinary wisdom and creative power, nor a separate people of extraordinary depth and childlike sublime poetry, but the Earth itself, which we inhabit, the mother of all humans, the nourisher of all humans, the source of beauty for all humans.

The Earth – I do not mean the globe as an intellectual study object, but as beautiful, living natural reality.

The Earth – I mean our broadest yet most immediate objective beauty, in contrast to "heavenly" reflections without earthly glow, without sensual reality.

Both against one-sided, dry intellectualism and against bloodless transcendence, the motto of our new religion stands: Our religion is an earthly religion. This religion is a radical renewal, a rebirth from mystical nature worship to mystical realism.

But you might ask, how is it possible to honor the Earth? Even though it is true that the Earth lives, imbued with universal life just like animals and humans, is it not far less than the human being? How can we have reverence for something that stands so far below us, for something that lags so far behind us in evolution?

And certainly, you are correct if by "reverence" you mean the relative feeling of smallness that we more accurately call "respect." For example, when we feel "small" in the presence of a powerful person, we call that feeling "reverence." But such reverence, when carefully considered, is no more than "respect." Such reverence is always mixed with fear, with shame, but reverence, mixed with fear or shame, is not pure reverence. Pure, truly religious reverence is piety that does not think of greatness or smallness but venerates what the soul feels as one with itself, as great as it is and as small as it is. Pure, religious reverence is piety that venerates not out of a sense of smallness of itself, but out of shame-free love, which laughs childishly at all rank differences.

This shame-free piety is always felt by the human being for their religious reality. For example, the first Christians recognized Jesus as their king, but as such, Jesus was not the objective religious life that inspired them. The Christians, out of love, always honored Jesus as the bridegroom of their soul, as their divine brother, whose flesh they ate and whose blood they drank, in whose glorified nature they all participated. The emotion that Jesus stirred in them was something entirely different from the reverence of feeling small, which is nothing but "respect." Their reverence was shame-free piety.

And the devout, simple Catholics of the Middle Ages did not honor Jesus and Mary as distant gods, to whom the human being could not approach because they felt unworthy. No, they honored Jesus and Mary with true pious veneration, with heartfelt intimacy. Hundreds of legends bear witness to this. Official church doctrine demanded "worship" for God, and "veneration" for Mary only,

but the devout did not recognize that theological distinction. They honored Jesus and Mary with piety, and that piety did not think of greatness or smallness.

"Young lads playing with Mary and the little Jesus, devout virgins caressing the crucifix as a child does her doll. But that intimacy also expresses itself in other ways. If Mary or God is faithfully served, they also have obligations, and it is not fitting for them to abandon their servants. These servants are fully within their rights to complain or even apply force," [1] for example, by treating their images with less tenderness.

Well, that piety, that true religious reverence, which has shed all feelings of smallness to retain only childlike trust and love, is the reverence that the new people of our time feel for the Earth. They honor and trust nature, and the Earth has been revealed to them as their most immediate nature, with whom they are continuously in direct life connection.

The hero of Björnson's play, "Above Human Power" [Boven menschelijke Kracht], almost expresses the piety of the contemporary new human towards the Earth:

"Today, I saw the sun again for the first time and went outside—what a splendor! Nothing more beautiful have I ever seen. I drifted on a wave of scents and colors, and a feeling of reverence overcame me so strongly that I would have found it a crime to trample on plants that were so beautiful and brought me such joy. I stepped aside and climbed a height, from where I could see the flowers in their dewy eyes. What fullness, what a crowd... Even the smallest made an effort to stretch their necks toward the sun, even the smallest. So open, so long-

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1) Middelnederlandshe Legenden en Exempelen ("Middle-Dutch Legends and Examples"), by Dr. C.G.N. De Vooys, page 122.

ing .... I would not have been able to bring myself to pluck one of them."

A bit sentimental, you might say. Yes, Björnson's hero is still sentimental, and that is why I said he almost speaks the language of the new people of our time.

The new people of today are not sentimental. Certainly, the feeling of reverence for the Earth and its flowers and everything natural on and around the Earth dominates them—but this reverence is a very actual feeling: a feeling that destroys and reforms.

This practical reverence is also very radical among the mature new people. This brings the new person of our days to full maturity: the realization that all his actions must be imbued with reverence for nature, his reverence for our most immediate nature: the Earth. So that his reverence not only makes him an enemy of the old world but creates entirely new customs for him, entirely new behaviors. The spring, the creative energy of this new religion is the eternal morality, which distinguishes 'good' and 'evil' according to the judgment of the creative soul. And the outward manifestation of this religion, in which it 'comes forth,' is the new customs. [1] Mature new people are still very rare. Most of those who nowadays call themselves 'progressive,' even the most modern among them, still let

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1) Distinction between morality and customs. Morality is the moral energy that, as energy, always remains the same. Customs are the social, relatively stable expressions, the 'norms' of morality. Customs also have a certain stability, but they are only relatively stable, namely stable for a certain cultural period.

themselves be guided in their moral evaluations by the old customs. They call 'good' and 'evil' exactly what the old customs called 'good' and 'evil.' It sometimes seems as if it is not so. But when they have to take a decisive step, it often becomes clear how much the inherited concepts of 'good' and 'evil' still paralyze them. Only the fully mature new people, who carry the new love, not only in their hearts but also in their eyes and hands, in everything they do and say, can create entirely new customs and entirely new standards of behavior.

The old customs, which, as I said, are still nourished by an artificial sense of shame for nature, are formulated in the so-called "Mosaic" moral laws, or the "Ten Commandments of God." The "Ten Commandments" are still our public moral laws; they still provide the prevailing measure for what is morally fitting and what is not. And we are only fully ripe new humans when we can establish new moral laws in place of those old ones, laws that have grown from our new love, are one with our new love, and therefore rightly so: our religious moral laws that replace all religious "ceremonies." We are only skilled fighters in the spiritual struggle of our time when we can place the commandments of nature, the commandments of the Earth, opposite the "commandments of God."

If we carefully examine the "Ten Commandments of God," we easily notice that they can be divided into three parts: 1. commandments that regulate human behavior toward God; 2. commandments that regulate human behavior toward oneself and fellow humans; and 3. commandments that regulate human behavior toward external possessions. Let us examine the character of these three classes of God's commandments, and then place alongside them

the commandments that we will uphold once we are cured of all artificial shame for nature and listen to the unadorned nature, to the naked Earth.

The first class of Mosaic laws commanded honoring God [1)], and by this meant: You shall bow before a God who stands outside and above nature, who governs you from outside and above nature as He freely chooses. You shall offer sacrifices and obedience to Him, for you are infinitely small in comparison to His Majesty. You shall also honor powerful people, for they are God's representatives. You shall also honor your parents, for they are the family authority appointed by God over you.

But now the new, earthly law says: There is no God outside and above nature. The one unbreakable nature knows nothing outside itself. The reverence that a supernatural God once demanded from you, and which your ancestors showed with all sincerity, you must now convert into piety for natural life. However, your very concrete human nature is earthly. The Earth has brought you forth, and the Earth sustains you every moment of your life. Its beauty inspires you, and there is no beauty outside it. Whoever dreams of a truly beautiful heaven cannot dream it other than in the colors, lines, and sounds of the Earth. Honor the Earth. Its life is your life. You are ungrateful and ignorant if you dream of any other life than the earthly one. Whatever your fate may be when your body breaks, you will save no other life over the grave than the life you have received through the Earth and have learned to live by the Earth.

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1) Exod. 20: 2-12,.

The second class of the Mosaic laws forbade murder, sexual impurity, and lying [1]. These laws sought to command reverence for human life, specifically reverence for the life of the fellow human, reverence for oneself as a sexual being, and for the spouse as such, reverence for truth in social life, which is distorted and violated by lies.

The new, earthly law also commands reverence for human life. But it sees deeper, more inwardly than the old law. The old law forbade "killing" and saw a murderer in one who destroyed a human form of life. The new law knows that Life itself destroys to recreate. Therefore, the new law says: It is not he who is a murderer or a destroyer of life who destroys a human form of life, but he who tries to force a human form of life into unnatural rigidity; if his malicious intent succeeded, the life form would not be destroyed but would continue to exist and be unable to live its own life; that malicious intent is true murder, desecration of life, or a falsehood of life.

All of this is centrally applicable in sexual life. Sexual life is clearly revealed by nature as the joy and the pain of masculine-sensual creation and feminine-physical representation. This is true for anyone who does not deliberately close their eyes. And this is not "vulgar," but naturally elevated for anyone who dares to see through the natural purpose of eroticism: it aims to elevate humanity through human joys and pains to ever greater beauty; it lives to the highest expressions of art and mysticism.

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1) Exod. 22: 13, 14, 16.

All desired sublimity that denies this is a lie of life, a desecration of life, murder. All deliberately sublime "platonic" eroticism is the dressing up of a natural flower with a silk cloth. Now, I know well that the "Platonization" of eroticism will never succeed. No legal regulations or sermons will prevent the mighty eroticism from being what it is: sensual creation and physical representation. But the intention of the lie of life is no less ugly because it fails. It is a lie, a desecration of life, murder.

Finally, the third class of the Mosaic laws forbade theft and coveting another's property [1)].

The new, earthly law also forbids theft and coveting another's property. But it clearly draws the natural boundaries of legitimate private ownership. These boundaries are very different from the boundaries of power that the world still upholds. The new law says: The Earth gave us its gifts, not to stack and store in infertility, but to make them serve human life. The Earth lives – it wants its gifts to live too. You may possess as much as you can convert into human life. But anything you hoard and keep only to possess and store without involving it in human life is theft. And anything you hoard and keep to gain unnatural pleasure, or power you are not called to by inner superiority, is theft. You shall not steal, but know that you can steal with your heart, without extending a hand. Know that you can also steal by lawfully receiving what does not naturally belong to you. Your property can only be that which you

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1) Exod. 20: 15, 17.

sanctify with natural life, which you reshape into human reality, which you fertilize and transform into human happiness.

Thus speaks the Earth, when we place the old, Mosaic laws alongside the new, earthly laws:

The ancients have told you: You shall honor God and His representatives. But I say to you: You shall honor no God and no power outside of what is earthly and natural.

The ancients have told you: You shall not kill. But I say to you: Anyone who despises natural human life and is ashamed to be human is a murderer in their heart. And anyone who pretends to life that does not inspire them is a secret murderer in their heart.

The ancients have told you: You shall not steal and not covet others' goods. But I say to you: Anyone who possesses or desires to possess goods that are not transformed and blessed by their own highest life is a thief in their heart.

The intention of this "honoring the Earth" and "listening to the Earth" is quite clear. Yet, I will surely be misunderstood by many.

Therefore, I will make the following remarks, not only clear but also sober. The well-meaning reader may keep them in mind:

1. The earthly religion stands, or rather is set, against the "world" in the strict sense, which is unnatural and artificial, and against "heavenly" contemplations, which are products of the longing for comfort or the envy of those who do not dare to see reality as it is. The earthly religion does not seek comfort in the sense of covering up a sad reality. The earthly religion acknowledges suffering as a necessary ele-

ment in human elevation and tolerates it with loving compassion.

2. The earthly religion does not exclude the belief in personal life after death. It does exclude the belief in a heaven as a reward for abstaining from earthly happiness. For the earthly believer, the heaven in the afterlife is only possible as a recreation of earthly happiness.

3. The heavenly bodies, which are only visible at night, are certainly also imbued with the one creative Force that shapes the universe. But with the "stars," even when considered as revelations of the one Universal life, humanity is not as directly connected as with the Earth. Therefore, they are less than the Earth, objects of human piety. Do you now see that Heine had to be "repelled by the cold stars" and had to love the Earth so deeply?

XIII NEW SCIENCE

New science is something different from "modern" science or science "of the latest time." New science is inspired science, the science of the creator, science that exerts transformative power on humanity because it itself is a living creation. Such science is more than science; it is vision.

Opposite "new" science stands scholastic science or book learning, which, no matter how modern it may seem, is old because it emanates no formative vitality.

"New" science does not necessarily have to be modern. The theory of evolution, for instance, is new, although it is not particularly modern anymore. Upon closer inspection, the ancient nature mysticisms, hundreds of years before Christ, were already evolutionists, as they also perceived nature as eternal becoming and decaying from a single Life Force. Yet the theory of evolution is "new" because it is a creative vision. It will remain new and renewing, even if all its modern "proofs" were argued away.

Our era, however, is exceptionally blessed,

also because "modern" science today is often also "new" science. The most modern expressions of science are often creators of belief. There is no fundamental distinction between expressions of mysticism and this most modern science. Mystics and scholars of our time express, each in their own language, the same thoughts.

Emerson is certainly a widely recognized modern mystic. And Bölsche, a widely recognized scholar of our time, who certainly cannot be suspected of intentionally smuggling mystical ideas into his science—for Bölsche calls himself a "materialist." Well then, I dare to confidently compare this materialist Bölsche with the mystic Emerson, to clarify through an example how modern science in our time can indeed be "new" science. [1)]

Emerson says in “The Over-Soul”: "When we have renounced the god of tradition and abandoned the god of rhetoric, only then can God warm the heart with His presence. This is the doubling, indeed the infinite expansion, of the heart with new growth power toward a new infinity in all directions. It inspires infinite confidence in humanity."

According to Emerson, the two characteristics that demonstrate religious life in the human heart are: expansion of the heart in all directions and infinite confidence.

Do we find these two characteristics in the language of the scholar Bölsche?

Undoubtedly.

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1) I mention [Ralph Waldo] Emerson and [Wilhelm] Bölsche not because I wish to present them here as the most perfect examples of modern mysticism and science, but because their names clearly characterize typically modern currents.

Bölsche thirsts, along with all the scholars of our time, for realities; he desires nothing but reality—no illusion, no consolation, only reality. But so greatly has the realistic heart of the materialist expanded that it finds reality, living reality, in the loftiest idealism—for example, in the creation stories of our Old Testament. "Every actual event recounted therein," he says, "is merely a parable within the moral idea, which, as such, certainly stands in the most recent and purest connection with our entire 'reality,' because our deepest truth, in the end, is our moral truth." .... "The books of Moses...are a great moral epic, a marvelously moving human poetic work that still today profoundly stirs the moral depths of the human spirit. Their place is alongside the *Iliad*, alongside Sophocles, alongside Dante and Milton, *Hamlet*, and *Faust*. The essence of all these deepest, most supremely powerful works of poetry is the same: sybolic imagery used to express a great moral idea. Everything depends on the moral act; the external colors are shaped by one or another temporary material, as the poet happens to find in his own time. However, his poetic spirit and the eternal moral greatness create, for this mysterious fabric, a "reality"—his *own* reality, —the reality of the artwork." 1)

"Expansion of the heart," Emerson taught us to consider, as the mark of religious life. And who will deny that expansion of the heart to the natural scientist, accustomed to experiment, to weighing and measuring, the scientist who sees reality in the most ideal things, who no longer sneers, "They are merely legends and fantasies," but frankly acknowledges that legends and fan-

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1) Het Menschenraadsel. [“The Human Riddle” by Wilhelm Bölsche (1904), pp. 103-104].

tasies can be more real than history and scientific formulas. The science of such a scholar must be more than merely “exact”; it must be a creation, a living image of his living soul—a leap of faith.

"Infinite trust," according to Emerson, is the second characteristic of religious life. This infinite trust is also shared by the "materialist" Bölsche with the mystic Emerson. On the final pages of *Het Menschenraadsel*, Bölsche recounts an incident where he was once observing a picture with a young theologian, in which the head of a cat was depicted next to the face of a human. The naturalist became ecstatic upon seeing the two heads. The kitten grew before him into a human. The predator's face, with whiskers and pointed ears, was transformed in his eyes into the classical grandeur of the Zeus of Otricoli. How magnificent, he exclaimed, how magnificent that humanity has evolved beyond the stage of feline nature! The young theologian was indignant and said, "This is the great conclusion of your theory of evolution: man reduced to a cat." But Bölsche replied: "Precisely because humanity has been able to rise from the stage of the cat to the stage in which it now stands, it will also rise from its current state to a being that must ascend in glory, higher and higher, forevermore." Look, that is trust grown from what we see, from what we are; it is a realistic trust in boundless, ever-growing glory.

Expansion of the heart in all directions and infinite trust sets those high demands of mysticism with ease on materialistic science, insofar as it is truly science of our time. It meets those demands. It is in truth "new"

science. No separate religious scholarship is needed to nourish and support our religion. The "profane" science, particularly natural science, can be inspired by living faith.

That the new science is "materialistic" still means to many modern people that it cannot be "religious," that "religious" science must be a separate science or scholarship, a "theology." This theology may be influenced by modern discoveries, but it must remain a self-contained discipline, one that, in contrast to the "profane" sciences, has the right to prove and defend religion and, alongside the "profane" sciences, studies "religion." Many moderns believe that there would be no "religious" science as science if theology no longer existed or might prove to be no "science."

In truth, however, the religious character of the new science is something self-evident to anyone who understands the essence of the new "profane" science. And - materialism, precisely materialism, was necessary to renew the profane science into essentially religious science.

Listen once more to the mystic Emerson, who is also held in high esteem by modern theologians.

"When we have renounced the god of tradition and forsaken the god of rhetoric, then only can God, with His presence, warm the heart."

Now, the god of tradition, the god of rhetoric, has never been so truly served rhetorically as in the nineteenth century. The believers of the past were not entirely free from hollow rhetoric either. But in the best of them, something truly human lived, something

truly divine. That truly human life made use of dogmatic forms to express itself understandably for its time; the content of that life, however, was not narrow churchliness, but the naturally divine-human, which is beloved by all who can appreciate natural, divine-human life. Augustine, for example, was Catholic. Yet his "Confessions" can be deeply felt even by the most modern person, because these "Confessions" are genuine expressions of unadulterated human life. Thomas à Kempis was Catholic. But his "Imitation of Christ" is the interpretation of the innermost humanity within him, and therefore can be appreciated by all who can distinguish deeply felt human emotion from artificial piety.

Yes, there was a time when, as a rule, the most devout believers could speak religiously from heart to heart. However, in the nineteenth century, this became the exception. The God of tradition and rhetoric reigned supreme. The artificial dogma was placed so prominently that the immense, mystical life was scarcely detectable in most representatives of "faith." I merely remind you of the facts, such as the Pope daring to declare himself doctrinally infallible and that Protestant orthodoxy continued to believe in a narrow, literal interpretation of what was "written" despite all cultural life.

Breaking with tradition, breaking with rhetoric, is something fresh life must always do to some extent, for fresh life is the destruction of form before the renewal of form. But in the nineteenth century, mystical, fresh-religious life had to first radically break with everything that smacked of religious tradition or rhetoric if it were to be renewed. For the entire "religion" had become a decayed, dead mummy, adorned with dead, falsely glittering clothes.

Now, the only force that could radically break with religious tradition and rhetoric was materialism. In the beginning, that materialism appeared roughly. Like an enraged iconoclast, it wandered among the old dogmas, smashing everything that priests and preachers worshipped in the modern world of thought. Now materialism has become wiser. Now it knows that it must not be as rough as it was in its youth. But it was necessary once that it worked so roughly.

Viewed this way, materialism, even in its roughest, most mischievous expressions, had a fundamentally religious calling. It had to break down everything that hindered the growth of the divine life of humankind, and only when that young materialism had completed its task, when it had radically broken with the god of tradition and rhetoric, could religious life bloom again in humanity. Certainly, Büchner's materialism was probably not intended to spread mystical life. But still, we may compare this materialism with the whip with which Jesus drove the money changers from the temple. That whip also did not think of mysticism. But the mystic Jesus used it to drive away what was hindering fresh religious life in its growth.

The religious life, which in our time is asserting itself very universally with new strength, is, in its deepest essence, not a reaction against materialism, but a fulfillment, and maturing, of materialism. The law of action and reaction is a law that applies to the external forms as such, moving like the waves of the sea, which continuously clash against each other, break, and push against each other. But deep beneath the waves, the water is still, yet developing the force of the storms that disturb the surface of the sea. Thus, deep beneath the forms of

spiritualism and materialism, the eternal human life lives, one in essence beneath countless forms that break and push against each other. That one human life knows no action and reaction in its depth but only a certain, quiet growth. Let that one deep human life inspire materialism to mature strength and beauty, and you will admire a human expression as elevated as the sublimest mysticism. We compared Emerson with Bölsche. Which of the two is the most elevated? Who is the most of a mystic? I do not know. Only this is certain: the most elevated is he who is most inspired.

Spiritualism and materialism are only opposites if they are one-sided and shallow. In truth, mind and matter cannot be separated. He who scorns matter cannot find the spirit that lives in it. He who knows how to honor matter must discover the spirit within it. Modern science, thanks to materialism, has repeated the admonition of the deity from the Paradise story: 'You are dust, and to dust you shall return.' It is precisely for this reason that modern, new science must increasingly discover inspired matter, even in what people once called 'spiritual,' even in what people once called 'lifeless matter.'

We have already seen that Bölsche discovered inspired matter in the 'spiritual' creation stories of the old Bible.

I want to briefly show you how modern science discovered inspired matter in what was once considered 'lifeless' things.

Charles Lyell, a great English naturalist, worked enthusiastically for the spread of a direction in geology that is called 'the actualistic school.' This school no longer believes in completely sudden changes,

which were once thought to be necessary in the formation of our Earth. Have catastrophes occurred on our Earth (volcanic eruptions, ice formations, etc.)? According to this "actualistic school," these catastrophes are nothing but manifestations of life functions in our Earth, life manifestations of a life that develops gradually with as little completely sudden deformation as can be observed in the blooming of a flower or in the slow growth of an oak tree.

Isn't it significant that scholars of this way of thinking, in our time of objective research, dare to speak of a "physiology" of the Earth, just as one speaks of a "physiology" of the human being?

In the *Revue des deux Mondes*, I read, among other things: "At first glance, the rocks give the impression of immobility and death, and we find, upon superficial reflection, no greater contrast than the opposition between rocks and living bodies. While animal organisms suggest to us the idea of continuous change and constantly beginning deformation, we inevitably associate with the rocks the thought of closed stability.... And yet, nothing is more changeable than the rocks, which deform as deeply within themselves and as living as plants and animals." [1)]

The same article speaks of a "nervous system" of the Earth, of a "circulatory system," of "assimilation" and "dissimilation," in short, of a truly living Earth.

The new science dares to claim that the rocks are alive! It discovers animated matter in everything that humans once called "lifeless." No one can

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1) Revue des deux Mondes. July 1, 1904, p. 177. The Physiology of the Earth, by Stanislaus Meunier.

now reproach the mystics for indulging in vague, nebulous poetry when they feel the emotion of life in every part of the grand universe. Now, the mystical seers speak in realistic language when they say: The stars live, they shine with life-emotion, with love – and the stones live, they fall with love – and the rocks live, they exchange life-shudder with air, water, plants, animals, and humans.

No "spiritualist" has ever spoken in more "mystical" language. And yet, the new science has only learned to speak thus after materialism had forced it "to return to the material." Be a spiritualist or a materialist – it makes no difference. But learn from animated matter, to be an animated human.

XIV THE META-MAN

> I teach you the Meta-man. Man is something that must be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?
>
> All creatures so far created something beyond themselves; and you want to be the ebb of this great flood and would even rather go back to animals that overcome humans?
>
> The Meta-man is the meaning of the Earth. Let your will say: the Meta-man *shall be* the meaning of the Earth!
>
> I beseech you, my brothers, *remain faithful to the Earth* and do not believe those who speak to you of otherworldly hopes! They are poisoners, whether they know it or not. ...
>
> Truly, man is a polluted stream. One has to be a sea to take in a polluted stream without becoming unclean.
>
> Behold, I teach you the Meta-man: man is the sea, in him your great contempt can sink away.
>
> What is the greatest thing you can experience?
>
> It is the hour of your great contempt. The hour when even your happiness disgusts you, and so too your reason and your virtue. ...
>
> (FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.)

There was a time when the modern man had nothing better than old, withering duties: fading flowers that once bloomed on a righteous Christian soil, but that withered away once they were torn from their own soil.

Those old duties can no longer be artificially kept fresh. The life of the honest modern Christians is a life lived solely from duty, not from happiness. What they call their goodness is a heavy yoke that they bear, stooped in serious will, preferring to sacrifice everything rather than betray the voice of honor, known as conscience. Their goodness is no longer what it once was for the Christian: a joyful, wide-winged flight of a human soul that sang through God's dear nature.

Now, another time is breaking through. The hour of great contempt, spoken of by Nietzsche, has already struck. This great contempt grows from deep compassion for ourselves, when we realize that the old duties no longer live. This great contempt is holy dissatisfaction, yearning for new life, for a new morality that no longer burdens the good but gives it wings of light, youthful happiness. For those who dare to despise themselves in this way, new moral flowers will now grow on new soil of faith.

Is it true that many hearts are already stirred by this new, great contempt? Very certainly.

It lives as the destruction of the old moral values, which brings the creation of new moral values. It does not live in an "organized" movement, but in many, many individuals, scattered across the civilized world. These individuals are indeed very social at heart, but they cannot "join" any organization because no organization wants what they want: to let human thought grow again from the most primitive originality and from there to grasp the very latest, most complicated culture. Yet they live socially, influencing society with irresistible power. They are the creators of those "new thoughts" that first appear as a powerful mood

over the heads of people, then take hold in their hearts, and finally sharpen into a new worldview" (p. 80). This powerful mood will one day penetrate concrete life so deeply that humanity will provide tangible material for the birth of the Meta-man.

Who is the Meta-man?

The Meta-man is the new man, not only in maturity, but in supreme fulfillment. The man who lets the heart of the Earth itself glow with his thoughts, a destructive thought for all that no longer lives yet does not wish to die: fame, grandeur, decency, and respectability, a destructive thought that turns the old "evil" and the old "good" into a game of fairy tales from a long past. Destructive thought, but also creative thought: he lets earthly justice glow in his heart, the Meta-man, so that it ennobles and adorns him, and beauty and nobility shine from him. Earthly justice, which no longer spares and flatters the weak out of hypocritical desire to be praised by the weak, earthly justice that no longer harasses and betrays the strong out of spiteful envy, earthly justice that finally reconciles the strong and the weak as children of one Earth.

Will the Meta-man come? I believe it firmly. For nature is creative, always creating; it cannot be violated completely. It must continually give birth to more glorious beings, from plant to animal, from animal to human, and from human to Meta-man.

Let me point out signs of the times that confirm my belief.

Two signs of the times I call to you are democracy and the restoration of human love. Democracy. - You may perhaps

wonder that I hear in democracy a prediction of a new kingship. Has not democracy sought to curb the power of kings? Has it not thrown kings from their thrones or, worse still, made them powerless ornaments of the state? Certainly, democracy has done this. It has destroyed. But it has destroyed in order to create. Democracy is not a whim of any particular class of people. Democracy is a great natural force that sets all of humanity in motion. And do you now think that such a great natural force will only break things down? No, nature is creative, always creating, and therefore its democracy must be a creative democracy.

Just as materialism, as a natural force, began by protesting against all religion but ended by acknowledging eternal divinity in the temporary coverings of religious symbols, so also democracy, as a natural force, will not have completed its task with a protest, a protest against the old kingship. No, it will also do something positive, it will learn to see kingship with new eyes and recognize what is eternally true in the authority of man over man. The motto of democracy, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!" is only a revolutionary slogan in the mouths of people. However, creative nature did not just want to break down with it, but also to build up. In its essential, inner, unconscious natural intention, this motto is only a protest against kings who are not Kings. It must necessarily echo in a time when insignificant majesties sit on shining thrones. But it is not a motto of lasting value, just as the hatred of religion in old materialism had no lasting value. Democracy would

kill itself if it were to forever deny all kingship, just as materialism, which continues to deny the religious reality of nature, would dissolve into soulless measuring and weighing. But democracy cannot die without creating, it is a natural force. The living democracy, which has risen from the deepest, unconscious human life, refuses to honor the kings of tradition in order to accept a new kingship, the kingship of him who was naturally called to do what belongs to the King. The living democracy is the messianic expectation of a scattered humanity, which begs for a new King, not from the heavens, but from the Earth. Just as once the prophetic heart of Israel longed, so too the heart of the people of our days longs for the King, whom the clouds must rain down, whom the Earth must bear. Again, I know well that all of this does not happen consciously, and therefore it can easily be denied by those who can only hear and see what is consciously expressed in words and gestures. But those who can see nature creating behind words and actions, who can perceive the soul of the people, know that there is undying reverence in that soul, and that it is gladly pious and humble in obeying a person who may be called King — a King who does not have to guard his rank anxiously and is willing to let all responsibility be taken from him, a King who wants to be responsible and dares to be, and finds his unassailable greatness in his creative soul power. And already the pleas of the living democracy have been partially answered. Already people in our days live with true noble blood in their veins, solitary people who dare and can prepare the task that one day the Meta-man will fulfill.

What is that royal task? Traditionally, the main task of kings was to administer justice, the office of judge was a particularly royal duty. The King of the future will also administer justice, but justice in its fullest sense. The new King will not only apply and enforce justice, he will create new justice, he will create new moral values, not only for himself but also for the new people, who demand living justice. And he will enforce his new justice against the resistance of ignorance and the fear of life. How this enforcement will happen, only weak faith and small curiosity would ask. Strong faith and great love for truth do not ask that. In the end, what does it matter whether the growing power of the Meta-man will one day make cannons roar or speak touching words of peace and love? Our small minds are not concerned with that. If we prepare his coming through open thinking and honest feeling, Life itself will ensure his coming and his actions.

I also mentioned another sign of the times that predicts the birth of the Meta-man. I must speak of this sign here, for it is the deepest renewal of humanity: it is the restoration of honor to human love.

There was a time when one could not speak of eroticism. People remained silent about it, as one remains silent about shameful things. Now, fortunately, it is very different. Now, the restoration of honor for our human love has arrived. Everywhere, voices are rising, demanding honest and respectful light on human love, recognizing authenticity and beauty in the inspired man and the inspired woman.

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A wonderful sign of our time, the revision and clarification of our erotic love! This urge is not a whim of a few, but a natural drive that has seized all of humanity and cannot be stopped by any fabricated secrecy of propriety or jealousy. The long-violated nature demands its full rights, and it will make itself known. It will increasingly refine our love into honest, masculine-sensual creation and into honest, feminine-corporeal expression. Thus, I see the new people as solitary, living people, gathering fuel far from ostentatious respectability for the purifying fire that will be the Meta-man. One soul brings its naïve-grand wisdom, another its colorful-fresh fantasy, a third its inspired action, and so they all bring something wonderful, sparks of sacred humanity, that will one day burst forth as a great flame, which will be the Meta-man. - Far from them stand wispy figures who praise a false "spirituality" because they lack inspiration. The new human has compassion for them because they cannot create, co-create with all of nature: the Meta-man.

XV SPIRITUALITY

I spoke earlier about "false" spirituality. Now, let me briefly touch on "true" spirituality.

Apart from all "spiritualistic" or "materialistic" theories, in reality, we all make a distinction between the "soul" and the "body" in the human being. The body is the visible human manifestation, while the soul is the principle of manifestation, the plastic center from which the manifestation emanates.

Leaving aside all theories about the relationship between soul and body, we all agree in reality that this relationship should be a living unity, and that this unity can, to a certain extent, be broken. Such a break leads to disharmony, which can be so severe that it results in a "soul illness."

The unity of soul and body is a "plastic" or "formative" unity. A disharmony between soul and body must, therefore, express itself in the dissolution of the human being as a plastic unity. The human unity will then begin to break down into less harmonious, less plastic humanity. [i)]

And what, in essence, is unplastic humanity? Reason, dry reason. The intellect, by itself, is not a creative force. It criticizes, calculates, reasons, but it does not create or form. So we must say that, when there is disharmony between the soul and body, the human, plastic unity begins to break apart into... reason. And this is indeed the case. As soon as the body and soul are no longer a complete, healthy unity, the intellect starts to function unplastically—criticizing, calculating, reasoning. And if it continues with its unplastic work unchecked, it will eventually "prove" to the human, in a rational and cold way, that life is foolish, unjust, and cruel. It will strike him with a cunning, reasoning apathy, which we call "soul sickness."

This is, of course, not to say that reason should not speak. On the contrary, it must express itself fully, until it finds its own limits. But there must also be a creative capacity added to it. It is good that the unity of soul and body temporarily breaks down into intellectuality, as that is the condition for all culture. But after a period of unplastic intellectuality, reason must again consciously align with the One Life Force. It must become aware of the singular, creative, formative Power in the Universe. Then, reason becomes agile and plastic through the force of the One Life Energy. It is then reintegrated with soul and body, giving unity to both—it becomes "inspired" and "embodied" reason. It becomes reborn reason, or "reason," and may then be called "spirit," because it now has the capacity to create and form. For the spirit is the principle of movement, and the moving

spirit lives in the matter it moves, and moved matter is matter that transitions from form to form, from image to image: thus, the spirit is an image-creating spirit.

What is often called spirituality is frequently nothing but unplastic intellect, perhaps fanatical, passionate intellectuality, but still intellect without more—without creative power, without beauty.

The belief of the new human is also intellectuality, but an intellectuality that has once again consciously reconnected with the one Life Force.

Therefore, it is reborn intellect, plastic intellect, inspired intellect, or: true spirituality.

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NOTES

a) (p. V) “Het Geloof van den Nieuwen Mensch” (First edition: 1907; Fourth edition: 1914))
b) (p. VI) “Ontgin U zelven” (1906) by M. H. J. Schoenmaekers.
c) (p. VI) “Christosophie” (1911) by M. H. J. Schoenmaekers.
d) (p. VI) “ Mensch en Natuur” (1913) by M. H. J. Schoenmaekers.
e) (p. VI) “Het Nieuwe Wereldbeeld” (1915) by M. H. J. Schoenmaekers.
f) (p. VII) “Beginselen der Beeldende Wiskunde” (1916) by M. H. J. Schoenmaekers.

g) (p. 2) *Reisebilder, Vierter Theil* (“Travel Pictures, Fourth Part”), written by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) and published in 1831 under its initial title *Nachträge zu den Reiselildern* (“Supplements to the Travel Pictures”), contains *Die Stadt Lukka* (“The City of Lucca”). Several volumes of the *Reisebilder* series were published: *Reisebilder, Erster Theil* (1826); *Reisebilder, Zweiter Theil* (1827), and *Reisebilder, Dritter Theil* (1829). This series marked a new style of German travel-writing, combining satire with Romantic descriptions of nature.

h) (p. 57) The references pertain to important historical documents and councils of the Christian Church, specifically the early Church councils and certain papal decrees:

1. **Concilium Milev. Can. 2 (Council of Mileve, Canon 2)**: This refers to the second canon of the *Council of Mileve*, which was held in 416 in North Africa. The council dealt with the Donatist controversy and various theological issues, including the validity of sacraments performed by schismatic or heretical groups. Canon 2 particularly condemned the Donatist heresy and emphasized the necessity of the church's unity and the validity of its sacraments.
2. **Conc. Araus. Can. 2 (Council of Orange, Canon 2)**: This refers to the second canon of the *Council of Orange*, held in 529 in southern Gaul (modern-day France). The council addressed the issue of divine grace and free will, condemning the Pelagian heresy. Pelagius had argued that human beings could achieve salvation through their own efforts without the need for divine grace. The Council of Orange upheld the traditional understanding of original sin and the necessity of God's grace for salvation. Canon 2 affirmed that salvation could not be achieved without God's grace.
3. **Benedictus XII against the Armenians (Pope Benedict XII against the Armenians)**: This refers to Pope Benedict XII's efforts against certain theological positions held by the Armenians, particularly the Armenians' view on the Beatific Vision. Pope Benedict XII issued a papal bull **"***Benedictus Deus***"** in 1336, which addressed the issue of the immediate vision of God after death. The bull was aimed at clarifying the Catholic stance on the afterlife and the vision of God, rejecting certain beliefs held by the Armenians and others who differed in their interpretation of the soul’s journey after death.

The issue of the *Immaculate Conception* is not directly addressed in any of the documents mentioned above, however, the declaration of the *Immaculate Conception* depends on the historical development of earlier Church teachings on original sin developed in these documents.

The doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception* states that *Mary, the mother of Jesus, was conceived without original sin in order to be a pure vessel to bear Christ*. The dogma was officially proclaimed by Pope Pius IX in 1854 through the papal bull **"Ineffabilis Deus"**, but earlier theological discussions, such as those in the **Council of Orange** or the **Council of Mileve**, touched on issues like original sin and the nature of salvation, which would later play a role in the development of the *Immaculate Conception* doctrine.

i) (p.112) **Plastic** (***plastisch***): Here and throughout this chapter, *plastisch* does not mean "plastic" in the modern material sense, nor merely "malleable." Schoenmaekers uses the term in its older, formative meaning (from Greek *plássein*, "to form, to shape"), to denote a living, form-giving power. A *plastische eenheid* ("plastic unity") is therefore an organic, formative unity in which soul and body mutually shape one another as expressions of a single creative life-force. *Onplastische verstandelijkheid* ("unplastic intellectuality") refers to thinking that has become detached from this formative life, remaining merely analytical, critical, and calculative, and thus incapable of genuine creation or beauty. In this sense, plastic designates not flexibility but active, generative form-creation, a concept that anticipates Schoenmaekers' later development of *beeldende wiskunde* (formative mathematics).

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